

THE ONE AND ONLY: BEWARE OF INFERIOR OVERPRICED IMITATIONS

£1.95

VOL. 57 NO. 13

MEN ONLY

PUBLISHED BY PAUL RAYMOND

France 50 Francs
Austria AS.90
Germany DM 17
Italy 93.00 Lire

SUPER FESTIVE HANGOVER ISSUE:
OUR CURVY CRACKERS FLAUNT THEIR
SEXY STOCKING-FILLERS



INSIDE:
BIG
GIRLS
BOUNCE
BACK
IN BRA-
BULGING
BONANZA

EMMAWATCH: THE
SQUIDGY RETURN OF
THE WORLD'S
YUMMIEST
BOTTOM,
IN MUD!

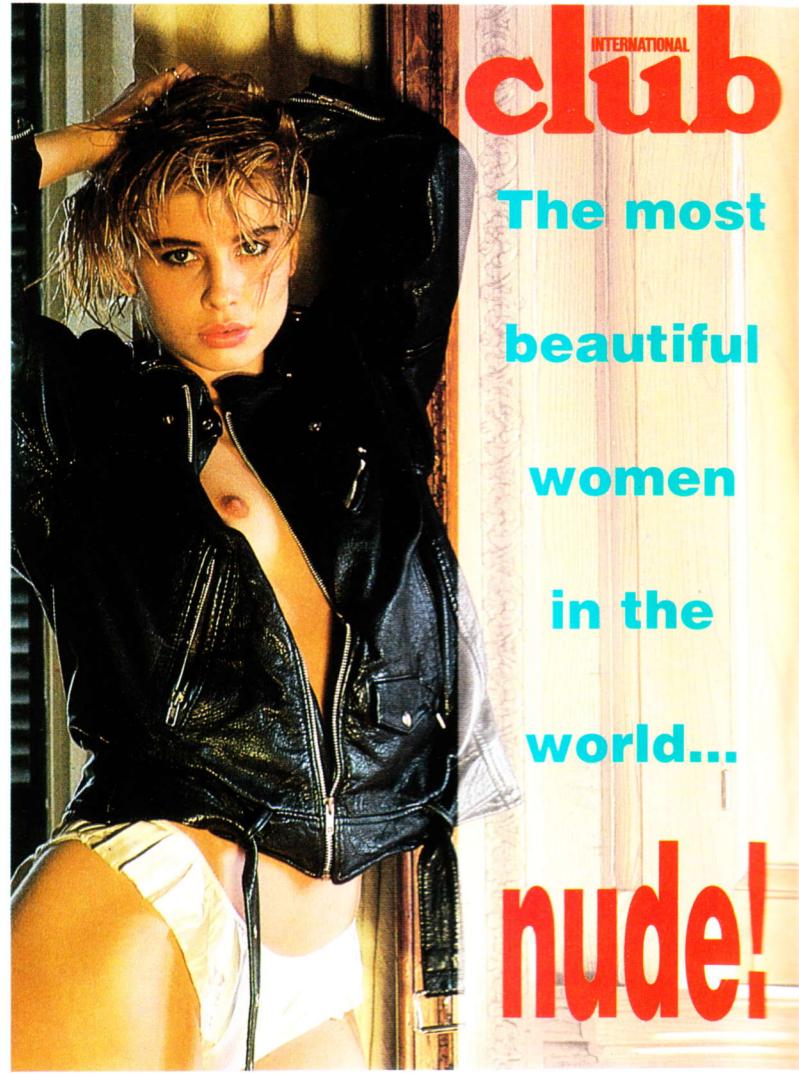


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CARLA

MY CONFESSION

71



NICOLE

Maybe they get into it by mistake. Maybe they misread the ad. Saw themselves undressing widows and getting paid for it. No wonder they look so disappointed.

Real men don't go mad. We can't afford to. Someone's got to keep their heads when all around are losing theirs and putting it down on his credit card.

And this Christmas business is a fine example of mass hysteria going on sheer raving lunacy.

A couple of weeks from now we'll be insane, too, and everything will be fine. But right now - well, we're kicking against the pricks (you know who I mean).

It's not quite party time; far too early to be constantly drunk. In a couple of weeks you can get your leg over a whole bunch of loose drunken girdles who have chucked their knickers into the wastepaper-basket for the duration of this amazing bloody orgy called Christmas.

That's what it is, a good old-fashioned pagan how's-your-father with tinsel on. You forget that afterwards, face it - you forget *everything* afterwards. And that's something worth



VIKKI

55



JANE

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Published by Paul Raymond Publications Ltd., 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE, England. (Tel: 071-734 9191). Typefilm Developing Bureau & Colour Origination by ColorScan, High Wycombe, England. Printed Web Offset by HunterPrint Group plc, Corby, England. Fiction: all characters are fictitious and there is no intended reference to persons either living or dead. This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely that it shall not without written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade, except at the full retail price of £1.95, and it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever or sold to anyone under the age of 18. All contributions, including colour transparencies and photographs, submitted to the magazine are sent at the owner's risk. While every care is taken, neither Paul Raymond Publications Limited, nor its agents accept liability for loss or damage. Second Class Postage paid at New York Post Office, N.Y. Distributed by Comag, West Drayton, Middlesex, England. Subscription Service, Alan Wells, Memberline House, Farndon Road, Market Harborough, Leicester LE16 9NR, England. Tel: (0858) 410510. © Paul Raymond Publications Ltd., 1992.

blah!

As no one ever believes anything they read in the letters' column, why not let your hair down and tell us the truth?

Flasher Flashed

Sir: I am a flasher. I know you all laugh at us, but I don't think you would if you realized how miserable a life it is.

I don't want to stand in the park waiting for a woman to pass so I can expose myself to her. I have to. The only way I can get any sexual pleasure is if, after a woman has seen my genitals, she screams and runs away.

It seems impossible to cure the problem, although a woman has been helping me to beat it. The trouble is, she's as bad as I am.

I was standing waiting for a woman just after Christmas, and I thought it was my lucky night when a big, huge-chested woman of about 40 turned into the path.

pussy, wanking herself off.

Realizing she couldn't chase me with her knickers round her ankles, I crept forward to watch her and she saw me. We said good evening and she let me watch while she brought herself off.

Well, we got talking and it seems she only gets horny if a man sees her huge breasts, screams and runs away.

So we got together, taking turns to flash at each other, scream and run, then joining up to watch the other one masturbate.

We have tried mutual masturbation – with some success – but we've never attained an orgasm.

Now we want to have intercourse but it's impossible. I mean, do you know of any



"These are a special Christmas edition. They have a sprig of holly on the end."

As she passed I exposed myself as usual. But she didn't scream. Instead she opened her blouse, gazed intently at my cock and approached me, murmuring 'cock, cock, cock' – as if she was calling a favourite dog.

Well, I couldn't take it. I screamed and ran away.

But not far. I quickly went back and found the woman among the bushes (that's the place where I usually go to masturbate) with her panties down and her hand on her

position in which coitus may be achieved when both parties are screaming and running away from each other?

I do hope so.

Please help.

Name and address withheld by request.

It's easy! Stop screaming and running away – scream and run the other way. – Ed.

Boyfriend Problems

Sir: Would you please do

continued on page 7



RACHEL

92

thinking about, isn't it?

But right now we're doing our standard saviour of the world number, keeping everything going, making cool logical decisions, lighting up the gloomy autumn days with our sheer physical beauty and sparkling wit. The usual stuff.

Except we can't move.

The streets are just filled with babbling lunatics charging around under hideous street decorations carrying dying pine trees at the port. There are gangs of muggers on every street corner, disguised as carol singers, rattling boxes loaded with coins so you can turn out your pockets.

Desperate winos dressed in silly red coats and face fungus block your path demanding money if you don't want them to breathe in your face.



TRACY

35



DUSTY

7

Heaving crowds splash through puddles of puke. The pubs are full. You can't buy anything you want because anything remotely useful is buried under piles of tinsel and reindeer crap. Besides, the truth is it costs twice as much as it will come January 6th.

The tills are running red hot, but the Association of Rip-Off Christmas Traders say sales have plummeted on last year and they're all down to their last Rolls Royce (fair makes your heart bleed, don't it?).

Life's a struggle. And made a lot worse because every woman in the known world (with the exception of Surbiton) is either

MISHA

62



THE DONE THING

yule rue the day!

The Uttoxeter Guide to Christmas: the joy, the goodwill to all men . . . and stuffing your bank manager instead of the turkey.

England was merry England when, Old Christmas brought his sports again.

Sir Walter Scott.

As a general rule, of course, one does not lay hands on one's bank manager, tie his thumbs behind his back, and, pushing his head through the open window, immobilize the vulgar little shit by bringing the sash down firmly on the nape of his neck.

It's not really on in these godforsaken days when fellows of his kidney rule the world.

To go further – to debag the brute, have the servants haul down his frilly bloomers and wrench his namby-pamby buttocks apart (you can't grow a decent hairy backside sitting on your arse all day) – would, I think, have been considered slightly unmannerly even in more enlightened times.

And to roll every rude, arrogant, demanding letter he's written you in the course of the year into a substantial plug, lubricate it with Wintergreen liniment and shove it up his arsehole, might be considered a downright breach of the English Gentleman's Code of Etiquette at any other time.

But not now. After all, it's Christmas!

COMFORT AND JOY!

It's true that the average Englishman, wrapped in financial misery, and enjoying the sole pleasure left to him – that of splashing grimly around the coverts in the flash-freezing dawn, looking for something to kill while the sleet slides off his sodden tweed cap down the back of his Barbour coat – regards Christmas a most unBritish affair.

He bitterly resents this pressure to be happy.

When instructed that it is the season of goodwill, told to be merry and further exhorted to rejoice, he will answer with a curmudgeonly snarl of: "Why?"

Before discharging two barrels of six shot in the general direction of his tormentor's stifle.

And one sympathises deeply.

REJOICE? REJOICE! It is not that the Englishman refuses to celebrate the birth of Christ but, damn it, he knows Jesus was born in April! All the research points that way. Only have to look at the horoscopes of the period in the *Jerusalem Post*, I quote:

Aires: A man will try and kiss you in the Garden of Gethsemane – don't go near the place, it will lead to trouble.

And again:

Aires: It's going to be a lousy Friday!

And so on. Proof positive.

The Englishman's not some damn stupid dago! He knows Christmas has been plunked down in the middle of December simply to squeeze more money out of him between the ghastly summer holiday and the appalling skiing farrago which will once again rub in the fact that his pound won't buy the pickings of a kraut bank clerk's nose!

Why should he be merry? He can't bloody well afford it!

GREAT MIRTH! Ever since that frightful Scottish red, Ronald McDonald, ended the rule of the gentleman and put power into the hands of the oafish

accepted – nay, applauded – in the very highest society.

So rejoice, damn you!

MERRY CHRISTMAS! I've always thought it was the perquisite of the nobility, but I've proved that to be a load of damn nonsense. There is good reason for a gentleman to be merry at this time of year!

Why? Because ancient tradition insists that etiquette is suspended over Christmastide!

There is no such thing as vulgarity. A gentleman can throw off the chains of good manners and do everything he's wanted to do all year, without being forbidden his clubs.

It's an ancient tradition, with its roots in the festival of Satyricon, and it means that from Crotch Sunday to the Feast of Intromission we can eat our pea from a knife with the little finger cocked, mop it up with a serviette and call the lavatory the 'toilet' without being cast into the outer darkness and forced to live in a mock Tudor semi-detached in Penge.

Is that a good reason to deck the halls with boughs of holly, or is it not?

Mind you, I say etiquette is suspended. The law is not. Your bank manager, farting out



scraps of verbiage of the '1st inst', drawing your attention to the overdraft aforementioned, might well get you arraigned for assault and buggery, although the interest those shits have been charging per anus I doubt they'd find a jury to convict.

In any case, it's never been fear of prison that kept a gentleman from shoving the insults of the banking class back where they belong, but the sheer social ignominy of having to do with a common usurer, especially in a way that might give him pleasure.

WHAT A SPREE! What you do with your festive season, gentlemen, is up to you, but I'm going to have a spree!

I'm going to be vulgar until I burst! And, being the Lord Of The Manor, a JP, leader of a small private army which we pass off as the Norman Tebbit Fan Club, and a clergyman to boot, it's going to be a riot!

On Crotch Sunday, for example, I'm going to dress in



JOANNE

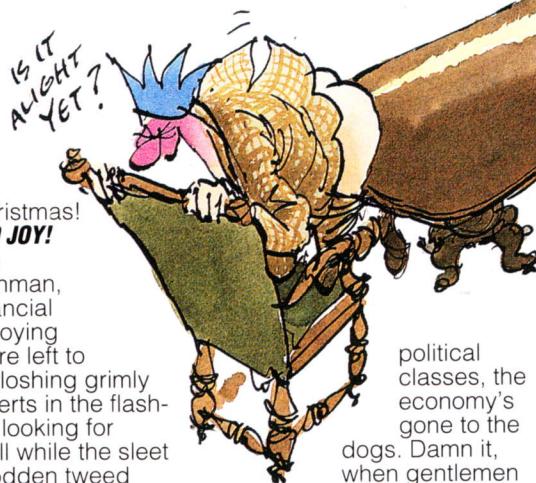
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rabid with Christmas cheer or running around crazily with a bottle of Frascati and without her knickers.

What's a man to do?

Only one thing possible, really – open the pages of Men Only wide, stick your head between them and wrap a pair of massive bazoomers around your head.

It doesn't solve anything, but at least it keeps the noise down (42-22-36). /The Editors.



political classes, the economy's gone to the dogs. Damn it, when gentlemen ruled you got four dollars or 20 krautmarks for the quid. Now look at it! That's the rule of the common man for you!

Jerry at his tricks again, of course. Trying to cripple us financially so he can take over Europe properly this time without getting a Spitfire up him!

But let that pass, it is the season of goodwill! Which means you can stuff your bank manager's letters up his arse with impunity, knowing that your behaviour will be



shell-suit, jog into Uttoxeter and buy the theme from *Neighbours*, which I'll play on my Walkman as I jog to the library to borrow a Jeffery Archer novel. Carrying this ostentatiously under my arm, I'll dine at McDonald's, pick up a waitress, take her to the winery and buy her pina coladas until she takes me back to her flat. There I'll let her sit on my face while giving me a McBlow-job (that's when they splurge ketchup on to your pego and lick it off until you come in a sesame-seed bun).

Then I'll throw up all over a policeman and be up before the bench on Monday.

(It'll necessitate quite a bit of running between dock and bench, of course, as I am the magistrate, but it'll be worth it. I think I'll award myself a £1,000 compensation for wrongful arrest.)

HAPPY MORN: Next day I'm going hunting with the Norman Tebbit Fan Club. We'll sweep every town in the county with the Rottweilers for anyone dressed as Santa Claus.

Then we'll arrest them as illegal aliens, have them up before the bench on Tuesday where I'll deport the lot of 'em

dial 'O' for orgasm

by tony husband



to Lapland as economic migrants.

Next day, the business with the bank manager and his arrears, followed by a series of midnight raids on anyone displaying a Christmas tree in their windows.

Arboreal inspection. Those found in possession of a tree with its roots hacked off to be stripped and buried up to their necks in the municipal gardens until they are found and dug out to the cheers of a curious crowd the next day.

Not much of a punishment, I grant you, but it's the maximum tradition allows.

I'd string 'em up if it was left to me. I just can't understand the mentality of these perverts who get pleasure out of watching trees die.

NEWS OF GREAT JOY: On Christmas Eve, tradition demands I turn waiter and serve food and drink in vast amounts to the entire staff in the servants' hall.

This I shall do in my new French maid's outfit, and a general orgy will, as usual,

ensue behind locked doors.

Not until the hog's-head of ale is empty is anyone allowed to leave the room, at which time we repair to the battlements to await the local carol singers. How sweet their voices raised in song. But how much sweeter their infuriated screams when we piss all over them! Ten guineas to the man who can fill their bloody wassail bowl!

CHRISTMAS DAY: It's a sad fact, but ever since that misunderstanding with the Bishop – pulled his cock out of his wife to find one of my monogrammed condoms on it – I've been suspended from my pastoral duties.

(The damn feller went doolally on me. Can't think why – after all, it's not as though we're catholics or anything.)

Be that as it may, the church of Uttoxeter Parvda has had a stand-in rectum ever since. A screaming queen, by the apt name of The Reverend Poope. Frightful little tick. All adenoids and the kiss of peace. Church is empty all year long, except for Christmas.

Not like my day! Bums on seats then, all right. Simply because I gave them real down to earth religion. "If God hadn't meant us to masturbate he wouldn't have given us hands, he'd have given us bloody wings!"

That sort of thing.

PRESENT COMPANY: And then back to receive my presents. But it'll be different this year!

I've always held that it's sadistic to give a gentleman after-shave.

If it happens this year I'll have the memsahib-in-law stripped, shave her pubes with the pater's old Rolls Razor and pour the stuff all over her crotch.

See how she likes it!

Any socks I'm given will be modelled for the donor. Just the socks, of course, damn all else.

And if the memsahib dares give me another penis enlarger, I'll demonstrate it. That should take the supercilious stares off the faces of her ever so sophisticated 'Wee Free' friends from Edinburgh.

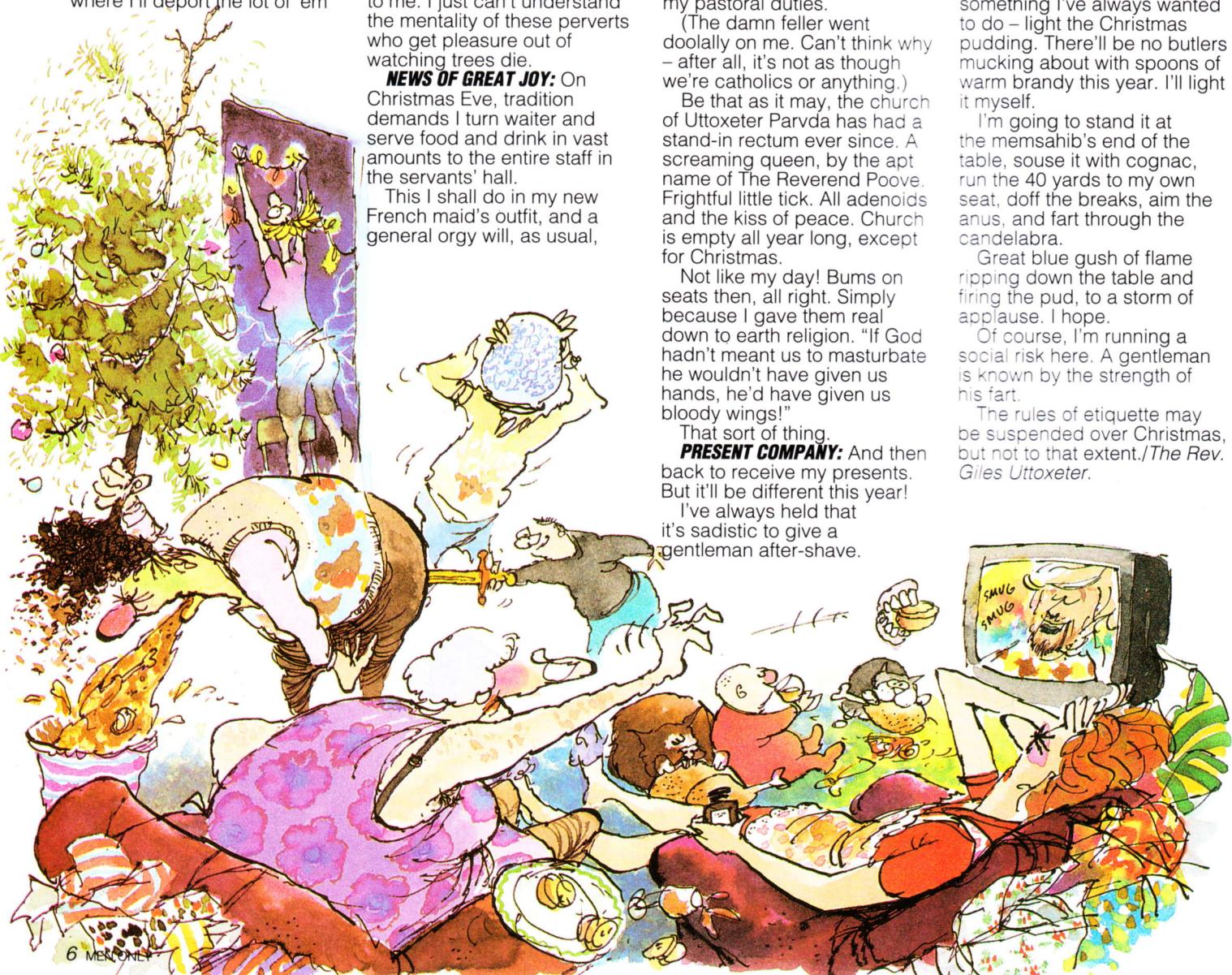
DINNER FASH YERSEL: It's something I've always wanted to do – light the Christmas pudding. There'll be no butlers mucking about with spoons of warm brandy this year. I'll light it myself.

I'm going to stand it at the memsahib's end of the table, souse it with cognac, run the 40 yards to my own seat, doff the breaks, aim the anus, and fart through the candelabra.

Great blue gush of flame ripping down the table and firing the pud, to a storm of applause. I hope.

Of course, I'm running a social risk here. A gentleman is known by the strength of his fart.

The rules of etiquette may be suspended over Christmas, but not to that extent./*The Rev. Giles Uttoxeter.*



blah!

continued from page 4

something about my boyfriend and his persistent refusal to accept that *M/O* is the best mag in the whole universe. He really gets on my tits (35C, if you must know) when he decries your mag because 'there ain't enough fanny in it'.

I keep telling him that it's the quality not the quantity that counts, but he keeps on bringing home cheapskate tat where there's bigger boilers than can be found in the Queen Mary's engine room. I won't tell you the titles because they might upset you. But I think you know



"Well, if you must know, I mistook my stud spray for underarm deodorant."

which ones I'm talking about.

How can I make him understand that a woman like me appreciates a good-looking woman in the buff 10 times more than some dodgy old bint who looks like the charwoman at your local Abbey National? When I see such delightful women as Clare, Keera, Shelly, and so on, it inspires me to new heights of horniness in my desire to emulate their allure, and the benefit could be easily and instantly felt by my fella if he'd only get his nose out of whatever tabloid junk he's devouring at the time. If only I could get him to pore over the horny tales in *Yours Sinffully* or *My Confession*, just imagine the fun we could have acting out those horny sagas! The most sophisticated sex technique he's unearthed from his other reading is to check I'm awake before he bungs me one.

Please, could you do something to make him see



DUSTY

continued on page 18





The letters have been pouring in, each bringing the same plea. 'Where are those humungous hooters?' they wail. 'Our fave men's mag just isn't the same minus its statutory quota of wobblesome ample-and-then-some juddering jug-flesh you can imagine putting your head between and going flubbalubbalubba! . . . is it?'

Flesh-fans, cease gnashing your dentistry and welcome Dusty, a sturdily-built Lancashire lass brought up on a diet of hotpot and black pudding – and it's pretty clear where most of that went.

Plucked from the obscurity of a lowly northern building society, busty Dusty looks set to conquer the peaks of the modelling world with her abundant 58GG-29-37 figure. "I'd always been aware of the size of my chest," says the fulsome 26-year-old. "It wasn't as if I could be unaware of it. They started developing late – until I was 15 I hardly had anything and the other girls at school wouldn't half take the mickey. But then things started happening and I seemed to shoot forward virtually overnight. Next thing I knew every boy in town was on my doorstep looking for a date."

Did Dusty succumb to such instant popularity? "Did I heck as like!" she declares. "I know how blokes' minds work and I knew it wasn't my personality they were attracted to. Mind you," she adds, "being made the way I am does come in handy when I'm after a feller I fancy. When I think about it, I could probably say I have a 'hit rate' of 100 per cent – there's been no refusals, so far!"



B R R M

B R R M

staggered starts

So the Three Wise Men made it to Bethlehem under camel power? One way to avoid the Christmas taxi rates, we suppose . . .

In this office, you can always tell when Christmas is drawing near. For a start, the old jokes come pouring out like cheap lager after a particularly poor office Christmas 'do' down at our local, the Fox & Frascati. You know, the one about how Santa comes only once a year, but not on Christmas Eve – because Eve won't let him. Or how I once went away for Christmas and stayed at this boarding house that advertised: 'Good clean family entertainment every night (except Thursday).'

This year, the only new joke (not very humorous and not in the least bit Christmassy, I might add) is the one about Woody Allen's new movie: *Honey, I F***ked The Kids.*

FESTIVE HORN

Anyway, this being the motoring column, my mind's on other things this Christmas. The first being my gift. The Ed's secretary has promised me a special horn this year (for the car, that is) that plays festive favourites like: *Jungle bells, jungle bells, jungle all the way* (it's rough where I live). Could have been worse, though – she'd threatened the one that plays *Cliff Richard's Greatest Christmas Hits*.

The second (thing on my mind at Christmas, remember) is how I'm going to get from party to party now that cab drivers want octuple time from November 1st to February 28th.

After all, the festive season's too expensive as it is. For a start, there's all those begging envelopes that drop through my letterbox – War on Want, Oxfam, Inland Revenue. I even get a card from the bank: 'Merry Christmas and thanks for single-handedly paying for the Chancellor's Christmas back-hander this year'. That sort of thing.

BOYS IN BLUE

It's not only the cost, though. As we are all only too well aware,

Christmas is the time when our hardworking Boys in Blue are at their most vigilant. And now that one wine gum over the eight can earn you life imprisonment and an appearance on *Crimewatch UK* (whichever is the worst), we've all got to be more careful.

This year, therefore, I have a few suggestions to help you avoid both impoverishment and imprisonment. Alternative transport, that's what we all need at Christmas.

DOWNSHILL RACER

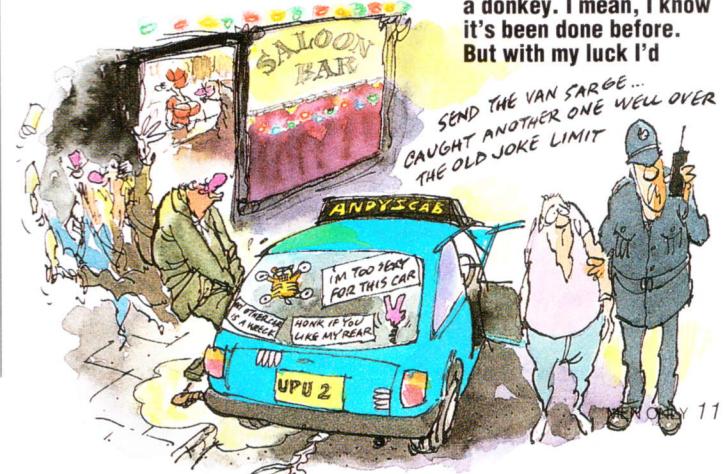
Skis are very useful and a good idea, to boot (ski boot, that is). But only if it snows and you live at the top of a very large hill. If it doesn't, and you don't, then you stand every chance of looking like a complete wanker, appearing down your local with two poles under one arm and a bobble hat under the other.

You could skateboard, of course, though, as the object of the exercise is to get sufficiently pissed so that you can't drive, drink and skateboarding is about as wise and as likely to put you in hospital as picking a fight with Frank Bruno. Plus, you may feel an obligation to speak like a Bill and Ted (of *Excellent Adventure* fame).

HIGH ROLLER

Remember you bought your kid a pair of roller boots last Christmas in your size, hoping she'd grow into them? And you know how they still don't fit yet because she's still only eight years old and you've got size elevens? Well, what better for the ideal Christmas transport? You wake up on Christmas morning after a particularly heavy Christmas Eve and it's five to one. The pub shuts at one, but it takes six minutes to walk. What do you do? You get your skates on. Literally. Two minutes later you're at the bar. Perfick!

Suppose the ultimate in Christmas transport would be a donkey. I mean, I know it's been done before. But with my luck I'd





get home and the missus would tell me there was no room at the inn.

Maybe a horse and cart might fit the bill. Or even better, a carrier pigeon and cart. At least it would find its way home without me. Maybe a guide dog to take me home when I'm blind drunk? Or a guide cat to take me off nowhere in particular for three weeks, stopping three doors down to sleep on their shed roof, crap in their garden and get free milk.

SICK NOTE

Our illustrious Ed swears by his scooter at Christmas. Though from my experience, I'd rather swear at it than by it. Especially last year. There I was, cruising at a steady 18mph in the general direction of home, happy as you like, waving politely at cab drivers, dropping people off at the Leeds Home Arranger so they could arrange a second mortgage to pay the fare, when I was passed by a particularly rowdy

group of youths in a grey Mk IV Cortina with strange orange graphics down the side. Nothing strange in that, I thought. Until they slowed down, that is. As I caught them up, the back window was wound down and out popped a perfect projectile of puke. So much for orange graphics. I grabbed desperately at the brakes, but to no avail. Hitting the puke at an estimated 16mph was enough to cover me from scarf to skid lid.

Needless to say, I have hung up my leathers for good.

OFF THE RAILS

Of course, if you really want to avoid the expense of Christmas all you have to do is catch the last train out of Fenchurch Street station on Christmas Eve. You know, the one that's so crowded even the driver has to stand. One of two things will happen:

1. You'll get breathed on by a whole trainload of pie-eyed

17-year-old office workers with tinsel round their necks, lager down their fronts and silly hats on their silly heads, and spend the whole of the festive season in hospital with alcoholic poisoning.

Or 2. You'll battle on through signal failures, lack of staff at Basildon, power failures, frozen points and the wrong kind of drunk on the track, and arrive home the day after Boxing Day./ Mortimer Wheeltrim.

by tony husband

dial 'O' for orgasm



Q U I Z Z L E privy members

In the age of the Smoking Bimbo

(40 Marlboros a day), a fiendish quiz to see if your portfolio stands up . . .

1. Do you swing to the:

- a) Left?
- b) Right?
- c) Left and right, often at the same time?
- d) James Last Orchestra?
- e) With respect, I don't think the issue's quite as simple as that . . . ?

2. You are in the middle of a parliamentary speech, emphasizing the importance of family values, honesty, thrift and tolerance, when an honourable member nearby coughs and discreetly reminds you that you're a bigamist with a £5m overdraft and a string of convictions for fraud and GBH. Do you:

- a) Smack him in the gob and nick his wallet?
- b) Resign?
- c) Explain that you're aiming for the hypocrite vote?
- d) Thank God he hasn't found out about the call-girl racket you're running for the PM?
- e) Remind him that this is the only way to get elected in Liverpool?

3. President Harry S. Truman said: "If you can't stand the heat, get out of the":

- a) Woolly underwear?
- b) Bakery business?
- c) Police force?
- d) Sudetenland?
- e) Politician's vocal range?

4. Is the person responsible for

- b) The problem's spreading?
- c) It should be cut – ideally with a warm knife?
- d) Two pee off?
- e) In spiked boots with your arms out at your sides?

6. Does the SNP stand for:

- a) Supercilious Northerners Pontificating?
- b) Spurious Narrow-minded Policies?
- c) Sporrans, Noggins and Porridge?
- d) Screwballs, Nihilists and Psychopaths?
- e) Virtually anything, except the British national anthem?

7. Is the European Parliament in:

- a) Euro-guay?
- b) Cloud-cuckoo-land?
- c) The 1890s?
- d) A hell of a mess?
- e) The German Chancellor's pocket?

How did you score?

a50 b150 c200 d0 e250

0-50 You're forgetting the first rule of Parliament – namely, that being vulgar, rude and abusive will not bring you lasting political success. For that, you have to be extremely

vulgar, exceptionally rude and extraordinarily abusive. Try reversing into the tall lights of a new panda car at dusk; you'll soon pick up a few tips.

100-200 You're a political wet. You think capital punishment means being made to live in London, and your idea of a safe seat is a deckchair in a bank vault. On the principle of One Man, One Vote, you'd be allowed to take part in an election about once every 35 years. You'd feel more at home in Chile.

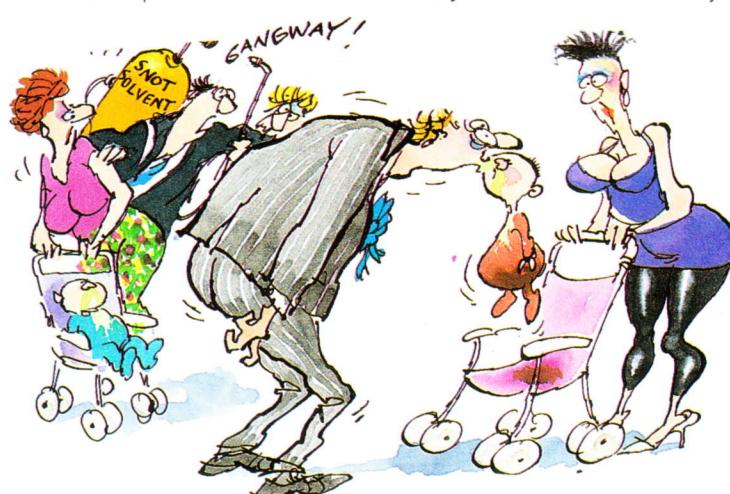
250-300 Your score and, coincidentally, the typical range of votes polled by Scottish Conservatives in an average election.

350-400 You take an encouraging interest in successful British politicians, following their careers, studying their rise to power, scrutinizing their off-duty activities, lifestyles and interests. You're a fraud squad officer.

450-500 You have a secret ambition to stand for Parliament – a powerful yearning to join the fray of inter-party rivalry, a desire to make your small clear voice heard above the clamour of class debate. In fact, as someone who's so obviously inclined towards a political career, you really owe it to yourself to see someone about it. How about a good psychiatrist?

550-2050 Articulate, interesting, eloquent: you'd make a good political speaker. At least, you would if you were ever sober enough to stand up.

2100-2250 No ability. No effort. And you haven't answered a single question. You'd make a perfect politician.





joanne

Photographs by Steve Colby





If you've ever had the bad luck to get entangled with an actress (which is remarkably easy when they insist on sprawling around on the floor at parties the way they do) you'll know that the only character an actress finds it hard to play is herself.

(An actress is a woman who can fake an orgasm in 15 different languages, too, but that's a different story.) Joanne's a mischievous, sexy, intelligent woman who really loves to be admired, especially out of her clothes.

"I'm only really myself when I'm naked," she breathes, in husky imitation of Bette Davis (35-21-36).

Which goes to show how useless it is to quote models, because it's just not true.

Joanne simply can't get naked unless she's playing some character or other. Without props and a costume she gets all embarrassed. But give her a part to play and she sparkles. Even if it's just the stable out back of the Last Chance Saloon which is, we imagine, what our idiot photographer had in mind here.

She refuses to admit it, but we think the girl's plain shy.

"I'm not a bit shy. But yes, I suppose it's easier to spread some make-believe woman's legs than it is to open my own." We think we know what she means. 





blah!

continued from page 7

sense? I'm at my wits' end and the batteries are running down on my vibrator.

Ms. E.J.,

Canning Town.

Well, don't despair for, even as we speak, Ms. Sally Smith, erstwhile boombungus extraordinaire of this parish, is en route to your locale with a sack filled with back numbers of MO, a bottle of heavy-duty baby lotion and instructions on the reprogramming of sexually confused unfortunates. Of



"We're making a skeleton with grandpa!"

course, if she fails to bring it off, you could always try the staff of your local Dixons – dunno what they're like in the sack, but they've got plenty of batteries! – Ed.

Big Packages

Sir: They say great things come in small packages. Well, that certainly isn't true of my missus, Gwen. Gwen has a pair of packages that are anything but tiny. Yes, Gwen has got to be one of the most top-heavy women in the north of England. Her boobs measure an enormous 57DD and, although they can be quite a hindrance in her daily life, Gwen adores her 'big jellies', as she calls them, and wouldn't change anything for the world.

She loves the Sally Smith column, just as she loved Daphne Hugeglands before her. In a funny way Gwen looks a bit like Daphne. Her hair is similar and her nipples are just as huge. But, even though her boobs are so huge, they are surprisingly sensitive. I can suck on her nipples for hours and she loves it. But her favourite trick is when she

continued on page 96

ON THE GAME indian bummer

Didn't get that Ferrari 308TS this Christmas?

Never mind – reading this you know it could've been much worse . . .

This Christmas, some Englishmen will be opening their presents with an extra gleam in their eye. They'll be hoping the missus picked them up that Andrex Supa-Strength 'Happy Crapper' bog-roll they so desperately wanted from Santa. For, just as the rest of British manhood staggers into '93 with the grace and poise of a haemorrhoidal gnu, the MCC touring party will be dragged on the plane that will tote its precious cargo of feckless talent, frail egos and Freudian inferiority complexes halfway across the globe to India, this year's choice of location for yet another tumultuous 'cultural understanding'.

COLONIC IRRITATION

Of course, this year things have gone swimmingly and the controversy got underway before the 747 even started fuelling up. The smell of linseed and bile has risen densely from the Shires, a provincial anger unseen since the Peasants' Revolt of 1341. Claret-faced, Damart-wearing gents everywhere have exhausted the nation's Quink reserves in the penning of heartfelt missives to *The Times*, *Telegraph* – even *Enema & Whiplash Weekly* had a letter, from a Col. H.V. Rugsucker of Eastbourne, and I quote: 'Being unable to view the immaculate cover driving of Mr. D.I. Gower this winter has caused me so much chagrin I was forced to seek consolation in a certain Earl's Court establishment . . .' The letter becomes unnecessarily preoccupied with matters of the colon afterwards, but you get the drift: the country's uproar over the shabby treatment of the Flaxen-Haired Wonder Boy shows no signs of abating. The mandarins of the TCCB, besieged in their Lords Lublyanka, must be wondering what hit them.

DULL CLUMPS

Apparently, what we have here is a classic case of 'Personality Clash Syndrome', otherwise known as: 'You're Boring and I'm Not'. This indeed is a major schism: the fact that Graham Gooch, a man who finds awe and wonder in a nicely-creosoted fence, is at loggerheads with David Gower, who regards crashing-landing an F1-II on an oil refinery as: 'Not a bad start to

the evening, but things should liven up later'.

BUTTOCK-CLENCHING

Yes, Gooch, possibly not wholly himself after years of Zen-like net practice and frustrated by his continued inability to master a Bic safety razor, just cannot bring himself to accept the value of the Methode de Gower: nice bottle of Krug for brekkie, a carefree luge run down the pavilion steps and much wandering around the cover point area with the amiable insouciance of a recent visitor to one of Amsterdam's finest coffee houses. The crux of the hiatus is one of, quite simply, style. You see, some are born with style and poor old Graham is, alas, not in their number. Designer stubble cannot disguise the fact and neither can the Viva Zapata! facial growth. This irks him terribly and forces him to compensate by not allowing any other county but Essex to win the Britannic Assurance.

Gower, on the other hand – well, Gower can *get out* with style. Whereas Gooch makes the walk back look like the last steps to Calvary, Gower has the nerve to assume the pensive nonchalance of a Bertie Wooster about to tell Jeeves he's pranged mater's Silver Cloud again.

LAX HYGIENE

On top of this already glutinous sundae comes the cherry of Gower's upcoming autobio in which, it is alleged, Golden Boy gets rather fruity on the subject of Gooch, or One Man and his Torpor. If you believe everything you read, Gower only just stopped short of criticizing Gooch's personal hygiene and the state of his underwear.

Poppcock, of course, yet deep in the wastes of Essex a moustache twitched and the word got back to the St. John's Wood stalag. Gower was not wanted on voyage, which left the question: if you're leaving out our leading test batsmen ever, a triumphant captain on an Indian tour and all-round general nice bloke, at home to do a spot of DIY all winter, who is the man gifted enough, flamboyant enough and diplomatically sound enough to fill the breach?

UNCERTAIN WHIFFS

And, naturally, the answer

was: Mike Gatting. Regardless of his dominance of paltry county seamers this season and his topping the batting average, there remains more than a whiff of uncertainty over the fellow, a kind of trying-to-juggle-nitroglycerine uncertainty.

BASILDON PLOD

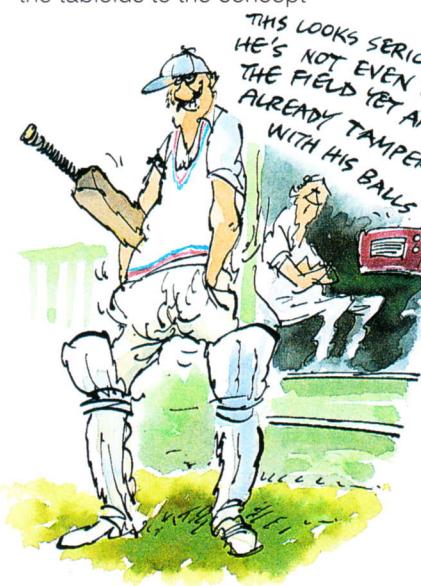
But one senses that Gatt will be devotedly shielded by his skipper in India. Because, after all, Gooch and Gatt are Brothers In Anti-Style. Both sport absurd moustaches in an effort to resemble members of the Basildon Constabulary. In hot weather, both have been known to let a pristine white 'kerchief flop listlessly around the neck, tied loosely with a devil-may-care flourish redolent of Thomas Cook package tours to Greece. Both look suspiciously like their shared dark secret is knowing all the moves to the 'Birdy Dance'. Both have an alarming propensity to being dismissed offering no stroke, the cricketing equivalent of suddenly realizing your willy's hanging out of your trousers on a packed bus.

TUFNELL PARK

The list goes on and on. Gatting is clearly the ally Gooch feels he needs on these overseas jaunts. With vice captain Stewart too darn young and perky (especially now his dad's not around) for his liking, the last thing Gooch wanted was Gower making erudite, sarky comments during his squeaky pep talks. Gatting, terrier-like, would be handy if Hick had another one of his 'turns', or if Tufnell flipped out over the lack of Silk Cut vendors in Delhi.

WOBBLY BALLS

And it'll be tough, believe me. You can bet the press will be sniffing around for any piece of trivia with potential to become a constitutional crisis they can find. Allan Lamb introduced the tabloids to the concept



whereby cricket could once again make 96 point headlines. Ball-tampering is nothing new – vasectomy surgeons have been doing it for years – but when it doesn't help us win, then it becomes a matter of global proportions.

LUMPY BITS

The sight of wrist-slinging is something tabloids can always relate to, and the prices paid for the snaps of Fergie's lumpy bits will be as peanuts compared with the moolah on offer for the first shot of Kapil Dev in *flagrante* with a Reader Special and an ice-pick. Next thing you know it'll be on a par with the Suez Crisis, and Keith Fletcher, MCC manager, will have to tape up Gatt's mouth as he is besieged by hacks all seeking that ineffable soothing tact for which he is noted.

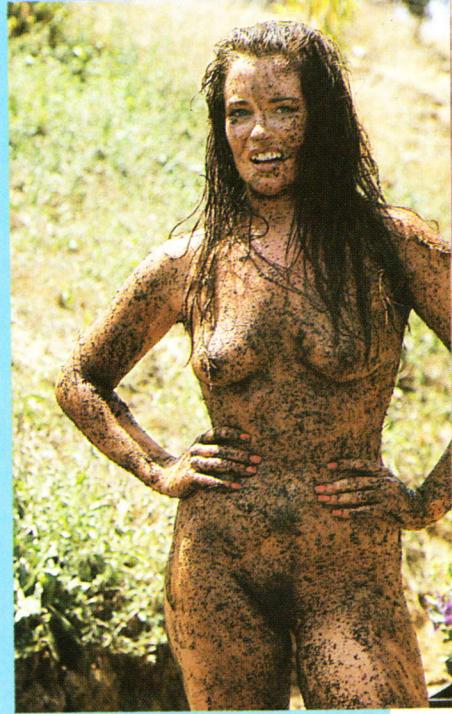
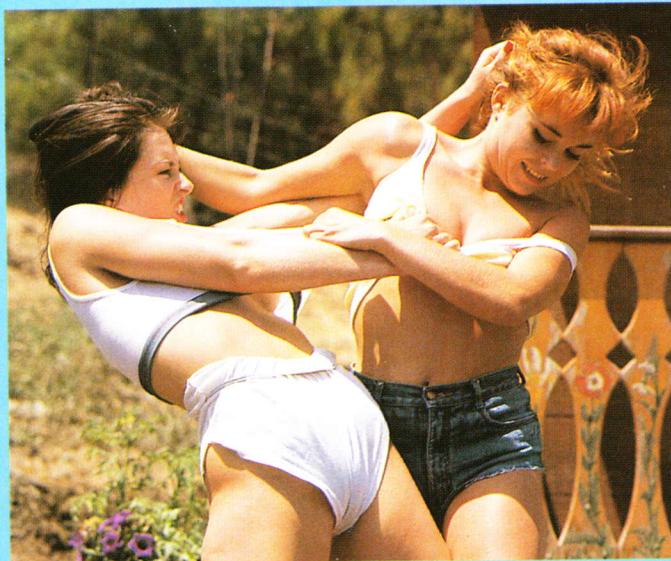
Even if all-out combat fails to materialize, the Indian tour will get coverage simply because it offers such scope for badly-punning headlines. Expect gems along the lines of: **WHAT A CURRY-ON!** **VINDA-LOSERS! BOMBAY DUCKS!** and **SUPER GOWER!** (*Are you sure about the last one? – Ed.*)

OFF THE WRIST

Then again, things could go depressingly smoothly. India could be the place where tarnished reputations acquire a new gleam. If Graeme Hick can't run riot in India, where the short-pitched rising delivery is about as common a sight as Bernard Manning in *Gay Times*, then there's almost no hope for the lad. Of the bowlers, the nicotine and lager-powered Phil Tufnell should prosper as long as he doesn't take any batting lessons from John Emburey. One can see the merit in taking the Old Groaning One to keep tabs on Tuffers, but why no room for the fey twirling of Andy Salisbury? For the seamers, expect distress letters home around mid-February from Devon Malcolm and Paul Taylor.

It'll all start soon and the crises soon after. Doubtless, true fanatics will be up at some unearthly hour in sub-zero temperatures, swathed in blankets and balaclavas, listening to Jon Agnew burbling via satellite: "And it's a *gorgeous* day here in Madras . . ." And thereafter be seen slumped disconsolately in a chair with a good liquor supply close at hand, reading gloomily the latest despatches from the front. Because, if cricket teaches us anything about ourselves, it is that our penchant for masochism cannot be diminished by the years./Howard Lake.

EMMAWATCH



Emma Nixon was way your favourite Men Only girlie, and when she left to see if she could leave American men

every bit as knob-smacked as she left us, a deep gloom spread amongst all of you – us, too.

She said she'd write, but they all say that.

But, unlike the rest, she did. Better, it was a classic 'wish you were here' letter. Because the one thing Emma's missing in the fun hurly-burly of California is British men.

Us! Amazing, isn't it?

"I really miss the friendliness of British guys," she says. "You all went really silly about my bottom, and that annoyed me sometimes, because I'm not just a bottom. But I always knew it was friendly fun. American men see everything in black and white. They want a girl to be a princess or a whore. If they can't worship you they expect you to drop your knickers at the drop of a bunch of dollars.

"I don't fit either category, so they can't understand where I'm at.

"Apart from that, America's great. I love the optimism and the ideas. Americans think they're poor, but they don't know

what the word means, so there's always plenty happening.

"My latest film involved this mud-wrestling scene. I thought you'd like to see it. We were supposed to fake it but the other girl, Laura, thought I was after her man and it turned quite spiteful.

"And I won!

"I've no idea why she thought I fancied her bloke. Yuck!"

*Love,
Emma*

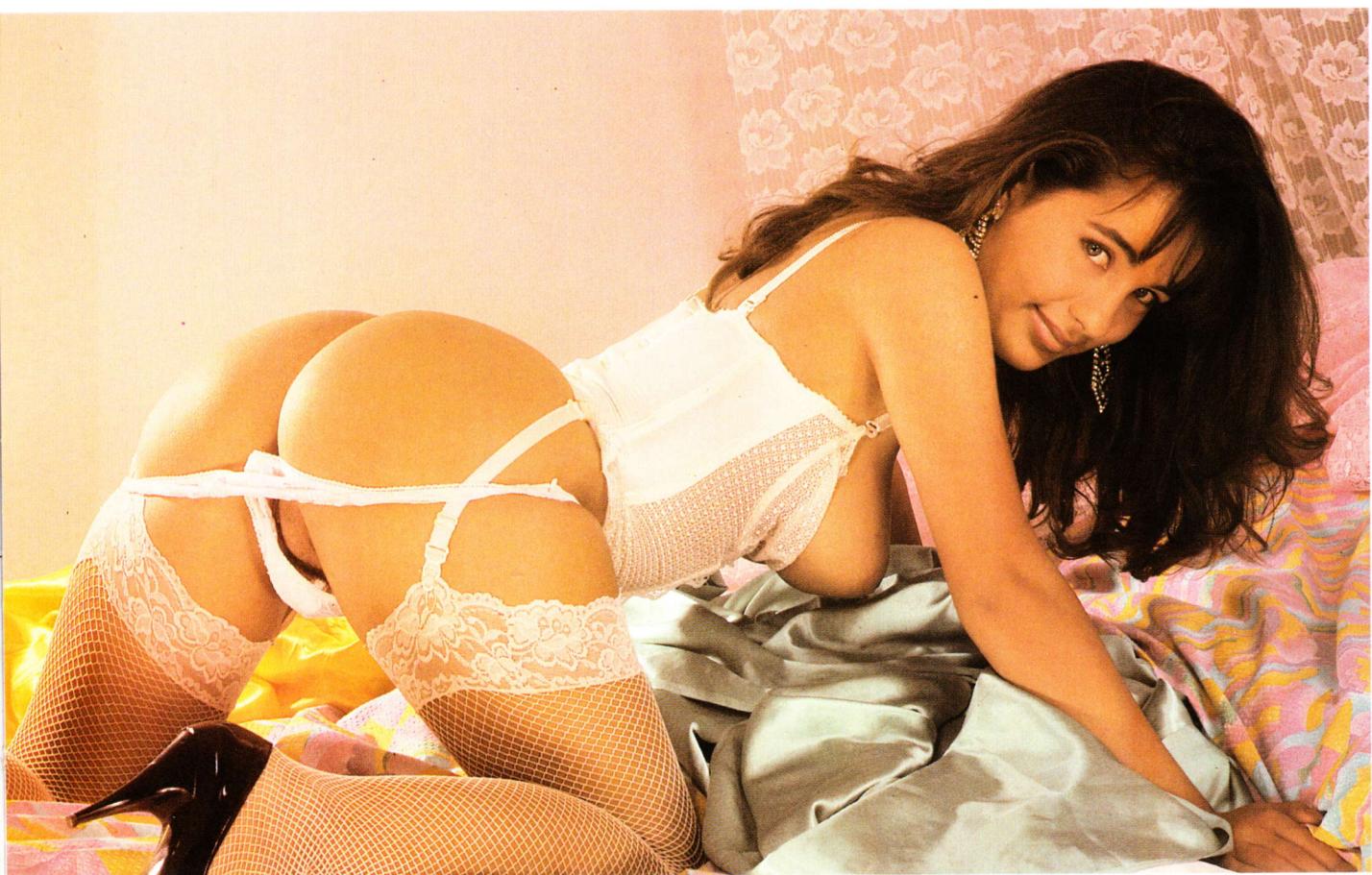
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOANIE ALLUM





Carla

MEN ONLY 21





We thought we were being rather heroic when we gave Carla the chance to stop skivvying in her uncle's restaurant and put her beauty where it should be, on display in the sophisticated glossy pages of *Men Only* (Vol. 57, No. 10).

It was all knight in shining armour stuff, we felt. And, besides, watching her slim brown hands caressing the neck of a bottle of Frascati was more than we could bear.

But it's caused quite a few problems. Mainly because Carla has decided she's a star, has moved out to live in Hampstead and won't go near the restaurant at all. Which has left crowds of bah-hah ad executives filling the place demanding to have plates of spaghetti spilled in their laps by a vision of loveliness (35-21-36) rather than by her uncle Francesco (who isn't).

All waving tape-measures, too, and insisting that (35-21-36) is a damn lie and demanding to measure her personally. As things stand the place is making a fortune, but it won't be if Carla refuses to appear every now and again to keep the ravenous hordes satisfied.

But she says she won't, until the money runs out.

Which is another good reason for photographing her again, apart from the fact that we like to watch, and that sort of thing, which we know you'll understand.

Hell, we never have liked ad executives anyway . . .

Not since we were conned into buying that time-share in Lymewold (35-21-36). Really! 





with knobs on

Ms. Lantern travels near and Spa, encountering antique chicanery and almost going down the plughole in Bath . . .

Swine was in seventh heaven! A lucrative bit of couriering had swept him down to stay at the very plush Bath Spa Hotel where he assured me he had stood elbow to tum with Peter Ustinov.

Yes, even Joan Collins was staying there, he panted down the phone, imploring me to get on down and join in the fun.

I didn't even ask the Turkish vagabond how he had managed to be given a room at the Bath Spa, let alone be allowed through its front doors. It was no routine stop for an antique courier! I was certain of that.

GERIATRIC BIMBO

But I had in my time provided the occasional favour (business only) for the moron and he was now glad to be paying it back in the shape of Mrs. Weisenhauffer, some daft widow from Nantucket who needed showing round the west country dealers.

Mere seconds out of Paddington, in a first-class compartment I thought I had grabbed for my own, I encountered Myrna Portmanteau travelling with her 90-year-old parrot, Herbie. I might have had trouble recognizing this once famous beauty if not for the parrot, as

middle-age had hit her cruelly around the chins and this caused that flawless porcelain skin to become as creased as the well-shaved armpit of some ageing actress.

TONS OF DOSH

As Lord Portmanteau's only daughter, Myrna had inherited millions as well as a hotel in Park Lane at the age of 21. However, six months ago, aged 50-something, she had married Shelton Knobbes, a big boy in the antique trade with a shop in the Pimlico road that looked more like the drawing-room of a dowager duchess.

BED KNOBBES

I didn't let on to Myrna that I already was acquainted with 'the Beast', as she proudly referred to her spouse, but I clocked in an instant why, having messed about with the old beauty for the last 11 years, he had decided to wed her. She was now, to use his own language, 'safe meat'. No children would she bear, no orgasm would she dare!

So the Beast was off to chase twat at every excuse, and while he was poking around with his newest floozie – some brown girl in the woods just outside Bath – the old

beauty had come intent to put the brakes on this new adventure.

CUCUMBER LUST

As soon as I docked the old tractor at the Bath Spa, I sped off to locate Swine. There he was, in an intimate tête-à-tête over cucumber sarnies with an over-dressed man with flirtatious eyes.

When I was at last introduced I discovered he was the latest lust interest in Joan Collins's life and, while our Joanie worked by the sweat of her recently-tucked brow to convince audiences at the Theatre Royal she was a woman half her age, El Boyfriend had been playing at antique collecting with Swine.

CLUMSY HARD-ON

"Rich widow from Nantucket seen lurking?" I yelled, and the love birds parted at once, a lump in El Boyfriend's trousers tipping over a plate.

"Yes, luvvie, Mrs. Weisenhauffer is at the hairdresser. She wants you to drive her to a charity do at Jane Seymour's house at eight. It might be fun!"

Oh, the greed and malice in his beady eyes as he name-dropped. I gave him no more time to show off. I quickly went to change.

BAG OF LAUGHS

My client was not a fat, 40-ish Jewish woman as I had expected. Mrs. Weisenhauffer was something else! A wide-eyed gal from Kansas, she variously had been in the chorus on Broadway, sold popcorn at the movies, and married Dr. Weisenhauffer, a Hollywood vet, just months before he died.

Mrs. W was now in her 'Marilyn' phase and had her hair platinum blonde and took itsy-bitsy steps in high heels, and all that stuff. It worked better on her than on most. She was also a hoot and howled with glee when I described Myrna Portmanteau and Herbie, and within minutes was insisting on taking them along to the party.

ANCIENT PILES

The palatial heap that was Jane Seymour's English residence blazed with lights. The minuscule actress greeted us barefoot and in a frenzy of panic.

"I have two men in suits going all round my house putting a price on everything, including the contents of my bathroom! They had to come today of all days – on behalf of my ex-husband!" La Seymour thrust a staple gun into my hands, along with some home-made signs, hissing: "We've



got to keep the guests from wandering out of the ballroom – they must not see those awful auctioneer types!"

I made a quick escape to the taboo zone. Passing a gallery which looked on to a vast fireplace below, I saw the two men in suits with their backs to me. The painting above them held their rapt attention, so I coughed to announce my presence. I recognized the Italian handmade suit of the taller man.

KNICKERS OFF

They turned towards me and that unmistakable barrow-boy accent called out: "Lucinda bleedin' Lantern! You ain't the effing competition, are ya?" He was staring straight up my leather miniskirt and instantly I remembered that while hurriedly dressing I forgot to put on my knickers. But knowing that Shelton Knobbes would be barred from the party gave me new bravado.

I walked towards the banister, forcing the Beast to crane his neck. I yanked up the leather skirt to my navel, stuck out my tongue and cackled: "Look all you want, Shelton Knobbes, this is one item you won't be able to put a price tag on!" I turned on my heel, watching his face go purple. "Oh, and don't forget – on your way out, use the tradesman's entrance!"

"Stop wavin' your cunt around, you filthy slag! No one's interested in your poxy hole, you bitch!"

BOX OF BOLLOCKS

In the ballroom the party was humming. Squeezing past Chris Patten and his wife, I made towards my platinum-haired client. It seemed that 'Marilyn' had already got in close reach of the eccentric polygamist, the Earl of Box. I could tell from here because the gentleman in question had his hands right across her box./Lucinda Lantern.

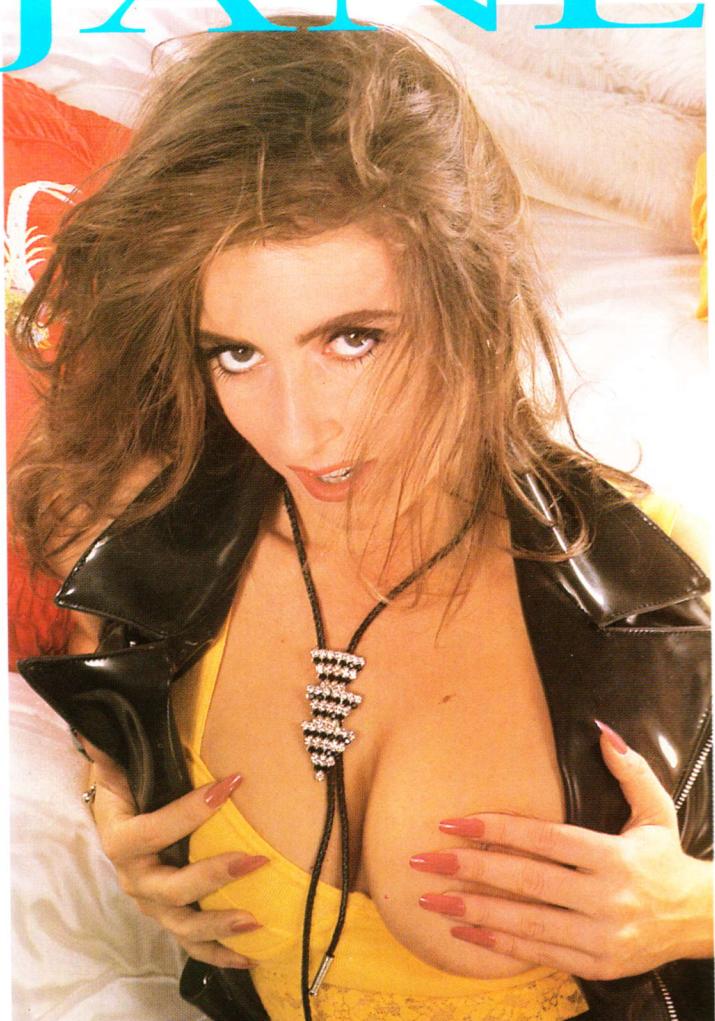


Rub-A-Dub-Dub Department: As all around the impact of water privatisation hits home, Brigitte and Carla – whose gloriously-rounded bottom lubricated your eyeballs from the cover and centre of 57/10, and this one – spend a quiet evening at



JANE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOANIE ALIUM







She calls herself plain Jane Andrews, but all her schoolfriends know her as 'kinky Jane'.

A healthy childhood on a country estate, serving chicken sandwiches and champagne to the guns and all that, combined with a proper education at an exclusive girls' school is supposed to produce decent, blushing young English roses, able to bag a brace of woodcock with a right and a left and talk about Proust.

And it does, sometimes. But in this case it produced 'kinky' Jane (36-23-36).

"Oh not that bloody 'kinky Jane' business again," she moans. "You've got to understand that where I come from they think you're kinky if you have more than one man a year and do it with the light on! In Norfolk they think you're pretty weird if you actually like sex!"

It's not that easy to interrupt Jane, but we did try to point out that her habit of turning up at top London nightclubs in bondage outfits might come into it.

"Oh, but that's just for fun. In actual fact, that's just to turn the men on so they really do their stuff in the sack. Now that's what I like. And plenty of it. That doesn't make me kinky. Oh no. That just makes me a randy slag. And there's one of those in all the best families."







THE ART OF KNICKER

As bit and bridle subjugate the stallion, so modern man is controlled by his underpants. Until recently they were styled, quite deliberately, to enforce Victorian notions of morality and modesty in the male. The genius of the designer producing a garment so laughable that the majority of men would rather die than remove their trousers in front of a woman – which may account for the massive decline in the birth rate since they were first widely worn in 1866.

Lately, the move towards sexual equality has persuaded women that they, too, find members of the opposite gender sexy in their undies, with special reference to the behind. So modern pants are sold on their sex appeal – although as research shows that women go to bed with a man more because they feel sorry for him than for any other reason, that doesn't mean the styles have become less ludicrous. Rather more so, as styles get briefer to emphasize the tight male behind – whether the tight male has one or not.

WHAT MEN WANT

The new marketing techniques make it clear that women are the main consumers of underpants (in fact, some get through as many as 12 pairs for breakfast). But when the end user is consulted you find a very different profile. The modern man leads a very active, sporty life and the majority of men list practicality as their number one priority in underwear. Our panel wanted to know which style was best to wave when surrendering, which made the best catapult

and which to use as a strainer when decanting someone else's 1908 port in one hell of a hurry.

FASHION

Only 1 in 10 of our test team had any interest in underpants as fashion garments. These agreed with the phrase: 'Y-fronts are non-U', but said

over dinner at the Savoy.

For this purpose they wanted underpants which did not look offensively like pants when used to snivel into. We tested the acceptability factor blind on members of the public in the Savoy Grill.

It was instantly apparent just how obviously pants are pants! Y-fronts and briefs



it wouldn't affect their purchasing plans as there are no U-fronts.

When asked if they thought condom pockets were a good idea, 9 out of 10 wondered what condoms needed pockets for.

WHAT TO LOOK FOR

1. Social Acceptability: As the modern man seldom carries a breast pocket handkerchief, our panel was looking for underpants which they could whip off and hand to a weeping ladyfriend at, say, a final parting of the ways



couldn't have been more noticeable if they'd got up and done a tap-dance on the table. Even the demure stripe which looks so inoffensive on the Debenhams brief simply yelled 'knickers' in company. The wide elasticated waist on the Hom brief would have been a dead give-away, even if the tester had not caught it round a planter behind her head and catapulted a geranium across the room. Only the silky, colourfully-patterned Tie Rack boxer shorts stood the test to the informed observer.

Our cross-section of the general public, however, didn't recognize any of the samples as underpants, being too busy gaping at the hairy behinds of our test panel. It is time manufacturers recognized the need for pants you can get off without removing the trousers.

2. Ease of Access: All clothing hinders access to the body and in the case of underpants our panel reckoned exit speed of great practical importance.

To test this we dressed our volunteers in different underpants, but identical trousers, and locked them in a room with an infinite supply of lager. (A control group was locked in a similar room, but with an infinite supply of underpants.)

After five hours we loosed the group into the urinals where access times were recorded with a stop-watch.

The first test was inconclusive as no one obtained access at all, so we adjusted our test procedure and the second attempt, using alcohol-free lager, produced reliable figures.

3. Ruggedness: Teamwork is important to the male, so when men buy underpants, the thought in the back of their minds is: 'how strong are they?' If a group of chaps whipped them off and looped them together to make a rope, would it be strong enough to abseil off the Eiger? Or tow the Range Rover out of a bog with?



indication of comfort and sex appeal.

We tested this by putting the samples on a standard display mannequin and stuffing each to bursting point.

Capacity is expressed in pairs of socks.

For this test, boxer shorts – which are designed to let everything fall straight down the leg – were treated as though the leg apertures were sealed.

5. Visual Enhancement: The panel carried out the capacity test again, while wearing the samples, to see if the addition of socks produced visual enhancement.

Tests showed that it did not. None of them could see any better afterwards than they could before and, indeed, there appeared to be a tendency to go cross-eyed during the latter part of the procedure.

6. Visibility: The experience of the Gulf War made our panel interested in the effectiveness of the samples as flags of surrender.

We tested this on exercise with the Royal Geordies in Germany.

Our testers, dressed in uniform and waving their knickers in the air, approached dug in platoons of Green Force which was very alert for an attack by Blue Force.

At night light colours and size were very much an advantage, the knitted boxers from British Home Stores performing very well. Briefs



were at a disadvantage and dark colours almost useless.

In daylight the result was much the same, except that although the bright floral patterns of the Tie Rack samples showed up well, our testers were mown down nevertheless.

Because, as Colour Sgt. Appalled explained: "The lads'll no' have any truck wi' a bloke as wears keks like tha'."

We suspect this is a regional variation. The reaction of the Brigade of Guards, for example, might be very different.

Visibility data is expressed in terms of bullet wounds received.

7. Strain Analysis: The modern man is under a lot of pressure to perform well in the kitchen, although most haven't a clue. Our panel

looked upon their underpants as an essential aid for straining the lumps out of the gravy, and so on, without leaving evidence of their ineptitude.

We tested the samples by using them to strain potatoes. Most performed well, although capacity was a problem – the majority could only accommodate two at a time.

The data relating to scalding while straining potatoes through the underpants while wearing them are the result of an unfortunate printing error in our test instruction sheet.

8. Liquidity: Despite the pathetic fantasies some members of our panel had about beautiful *femmes fatales* drinking champagne out of their shorts, we could find none who would allow it.

Tensile strength of both the material and the elastic was measured at the Engineering Department of Huddersfield Poly and is expressed in kilonewtons (kN) – multiply by 100 for the value in kilograms.

Double-sewn cotton is remarkably robust, as is silk. The buttoned boxer shorts suffered from the build-up of momentum when the button broke off, which usually ripped them apart.

4. Capacity: When underpants incorporated a 'cup' or suspension system, our panel was very interested in the available volume which they saw as an essential

UNDERPANTS COMPARED

MAKE	STYLE	COMFORT	Tensile Strength (Fabric) kN	Tensile Strength (Elastic) kN	Ease of Access (Seconds)	Capacity (Socks)	Visual Effect	Strain analysis %Solids	Filtration (Parts/cm²)	Sex Appeal (decibels)	Fall Out
M & S	Sports (top-loading)	Clutching	0.28	1.98	0.235	6 (Ooof!)	Not with a beer gut	45	3.0125	A	Nil
BHS	Sports (top-loading)	Scratchy, Confining	0.28	0.37	0.212	6.5 (Ugh!)		49	3.1750	A	Nil
HOM	Sports (top-loading)	Tight, Grasping	0.29	1.99	0.202	5.5 (Gasp!)		49	2.9989	A	No Chance
TIE RACK	Boxer (silk-buttoned)	Mmmm! Shuddery!	0.51	0.39	1.29	21	Marvy!	Nil*	0.0004	A	100%
TIE RACK	Boxer (cotton-buttoned)	Niiice!	0.49	0.50	1.29	19.5	Suave	Nil*	0.0006	A	100%
BHS	Boxer Cotton (front-loading)	Scratchy	0.45	0.49	Instant	25	Well...	Nil**	0.0004	A	120% (Ooops!)
BHS	Boxer Cotton (knitted)	Comfy	0.7	0.49	1.28	29.5	Hmmmm	Nil*	0.0001	A	91%
Y-FRONT	Classic (front-loading)	Looser Fit	0.6	0.9	0.45	8.5	No	51	5.012	A	It's more flop about really!
M & S	Classic (front-loading)	Heavy Duty	0.8	0.95	0.48	8	Nil	55	5.019	A	
BHS	Classic (front-loading)	Looser Fit	0.54	0.52	0.41	9.5	Minus	54	5.101	A	
BYFORD	Executive (top-loading)	A mere gesture	0.47	0.54	0.31	3.5 (Eeek)	Bag effect	32	2.1101	A	Impossible
M & S	Slip (front-loading)	Tight'n'springy	0.49	0.99	0.21	4	Flatters	41	1.9151	A	Unthinkable!
JONELLE	Slip (top-loading)	Very supportive	0.475	0.48	0.20	4	Flatters	39	1.8425	A	No Way!
BHS	Tanga (brief slip)	Gripping	0.28	0.37	3.14***	Ouch!	Flattens	32	1.9181	A	Fort Knox!

*Fell down the legs **And out of the front as well! ***Got a bit tangled up

I'M TOO SEXY FOR MY PANTS!

By subscribing to Men Only now, you can join the appeal to save Keera's gorgeously pouting crispy fresh moist yearning velvety goose-fleshed bottom for the nation. And you won't have to phone to ask us which issue she was in because by subscribing you guarantee effortless delivery direct to your door of the most beautiful and sensual girls in Britain without moving an inch or missing a single trick; while enjoying our unique blend of humour, fiction, features, and sexy young ladies - every four weeks.



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To: Paul Raymond Publications Ltd., FREEPOST (LE 5910),
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MOO9T

This must rate as a major design fault.

9. Absorbency: His underpants are the piece of cloth the modern man can most easily spare to wipe up the appalling mess he leaves behind him. They are also the garment most often used as improvised field undressings. Absorbency is, therefore, of the essence.

Our test involved throwing rotten eggs, sweaty Gorgonzola and offal at the windscreens of any Rolls Royces we came across - and their owners, if they dared to get out - then mopping up the mess with the samples. The pants were weighed dry, and again when saturated.

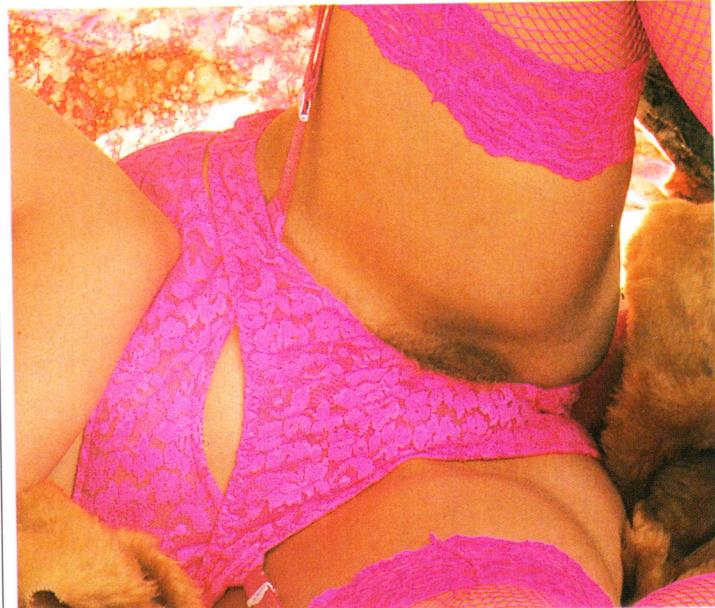
The test method has been questioned but it is the ideal measure of absorbency for



when used as smog masks. Manufacturers have yet to learn that men require adaptability under their trousers.

Most samples performed no better than a wet handkerchief and those with fly openings were worse - allowing the nose to stick out.

Although the briefer samples fitted snugly over the ears, they weren't as



people who have always wanted to pelt rich bastards with handfuls of stinking putrescence.

10. Sex Appeal: Our testers were first paraded before a panel of young women fully-dressed and were ticked out of 20 for sex appeal. They then came back and paraded in the sample pants and were ticked again. Finally, they paraded nude and were ticked off - the ladies had not been expecting this.

The results show that, no matter what type, men look ridiculous in their underpants. Sex appeal data are expressed in decibels, those that attracted the least hysterical laughter having the higher rating.

11. Fall-Out: Our testers jumped on trampolines for one hour, wearing the samples. Fall-out was generally low, although fall-off was far more common than any of those watching found acceptable.

12. Filtration Coefficient: Most of the pants we tested were very disappointing

effective as the heavier duty models, providing only a stretched double layer of thin material against the gases tested for.

Also, although better than nothing for the wearer in our polluted cities, they were positively dangerous to other road users.

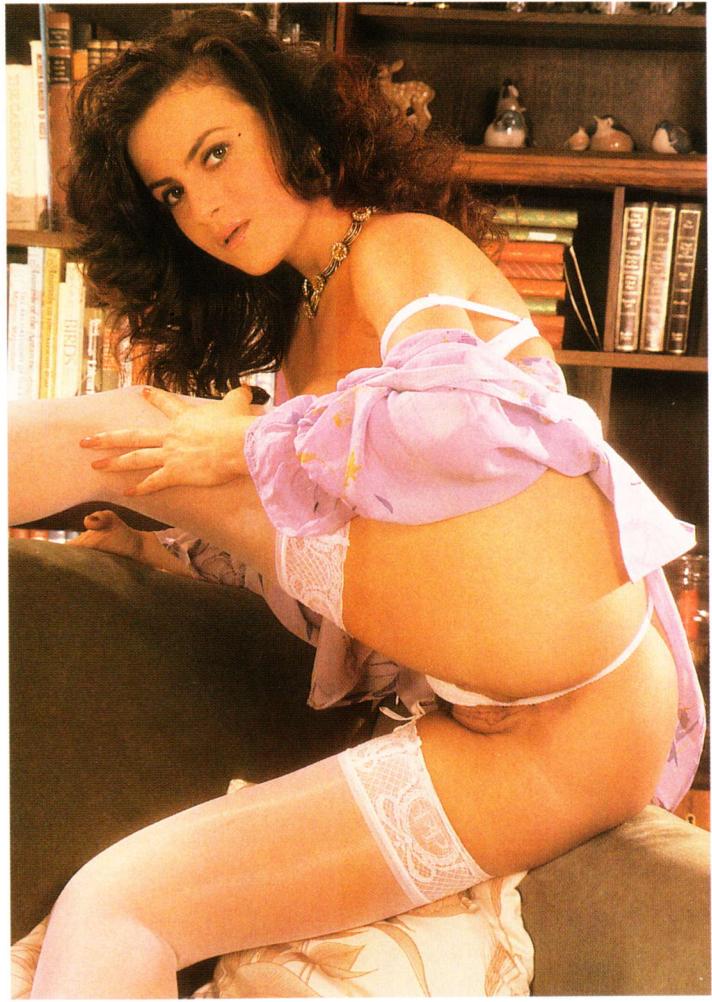
Many laughed so heartily that they lost control of their vehicles, legs and even bodily functions. Which goes to show that after years of exposure to Little and Large, wearing the underpants on the head is considered the highest form of wit in modern Britain./Tym Manley.





TRACY

Photographs by Ralph Medland













The bedroom of Tracy's flat in Leeds is covered with naked pictures of herself. She's 22 (35-23-36), works as a receptionist and lives what she calls 'a normal, boring life'.

Well, she may think papering her bedroom walls with pictures of her bits is 'normal' and 'boring'; perhaps it is in Leeds. We found it strangely exciting.

Tracy says posing for pictures is the bit of excitement in her life. And she loves to know pictures of her are on sale in the newsagents across the street.

"At first I thought everyone would recognize me in the street, but they don't. And I don't tell them. It's like being a spy. I've got this secret, someone's going to catch me out some time. It's quite exciting. That's why I have the pictures on the walls. Anyone who comes in my bedroom knows all about me. But no one comes in who isn't going to see exactly the same, and more, just as soon as I get his jeans off."

"Unless he's got a pussy in his Y-fronts. That happened to me once. I met this hunky fella, brought him back here, unzipped him - and it was a girl!"

That's Tracy's idea of a 'normal, boring life'. 

mammabillia

A heart-stopping tryst at Croydon Baths stirs the silt of Knox's sordid past. Chlorine-scented aquatic lust at the deep end . . .

Apart from Ursula Andress rising from the surf in *Dr. No*, or Sophia Loren standing in a rice-paddy in a clinging wet dress in *Uncle Ben Gets Horny*, or whatever that film was called, there was no more heart-stopping sight in the annals of aquatic erotica than Madge Puddephatt emerging from the changing-rooms at Croydon Baths and making her majestic way down the steps to the poisonously over-chlorinated shallow end.

BATHING BEAUTY

Even when Madge first appeared at the ticket-counter, with her frayed towel rolled under her arm, every man-jack in the baths immediately jumped into the water with a mighty and simultaneous splash that almost emptied the entire pool in one go.

This was either because, a) they experienced an instant stonker, in anticipation of Madge's lust-arousing loveliness; or b) they knew that if they didn't have a stonker now, they very soon would. No other girl in the 112-year history of British municipal bathing was ever capable of overstretching so many pairs of Speedo swimming trunks at once. I got that information first-hand from Bernard Fitzwilly, the baths attendant, who was a world-class connoisseur of women in one-piece bathing-costumes.

Had it been an admissible subject, along with Ancient Greek and Nietzschean philosophy, Bernard's dissertation on Gusssets would have won him a first-class honours degree at Cambridge. "There's your broad gusset, favoured by your heavier-thighed young girls, what I usually call your shire-horse type, and your broad gusset is

frequently fringed by your decorative fringe of pubic tendrils. Then there's your narrer gusset, which cuts deep into your vulvar regions, as it were, and which displays your bulges of depilated mons veneris on either side."

PUBLIC HILLOCKS

Ladies' one-piece swimming costumes came in cotton and nylon and spandex and lycra and seersucker, but for Bernard's money the crème de la crème-your-Y-fronts was the heavy grey wool number. When wool is dry, it clings lightly and fuzzily to the fullness of the female form, emphasizing the nipples with a tantalizing blurriness, lightly cupping the buttocks, and revealing only the woolliest of pubic hillocks.

But when wet, heavy grey wool clings to the breast all lascivious and slimy, revealing the cold-crinkled nipples in all their pinging intensity. It cleaves darkly and moistly into the bottom-crack, and cups the vulva in shameless and dripping detail.

PREMATURE SQUIRTS

Needless to say, heavy grey wool was the fabric favoured by Madge Puddephatt, and when she emerged from her cubicle the massed intake of male breath was enough to produce a spontaneous white squirt from the Brylcreem machine.

Madge was tall, with bountiful masses of brunette curls, and she had the face of a woman/child/prostitute/virgin/goddess, unlike all of the other girls at Croydon Baths, who had the faces of dumplings/dinner ladies/slags/Reg Varney/the back side of council sand-bunkers. Her breasts were staggering.

Although it was obvious from the way in which they bounce-triple-bounced that she was wearing nothing underneath that fuzzy grey wool, they were nonetheless high and self-supporting, still too young and freshly-swollen to have been dragged down to waist-level by the relentless force of gravity.

SOUPY WATER

Madge entered the crowded baths with all the grace of Aphrodite sinking back into the waters of the Mediterranean – and, believe me, Croydon Baths was just as soupy as the Mediterranean. In those days, it was 30 per cent chlorine, 30 per cent urine – and, as soon as Madge had got her swimming costume wet, 30 per cent sperm. That didn't allow for very much water, but then the Mediterranean these days is just about the same – 30 per cent suntan lotion, 30 per cent Greek sweat, and 30 per cent recently-excreted kebabs, all seasoned with floating loo-paper and the matted pubic hair of six million assorted Maltese, Turks, Italians and British.

PLENTY OF LENGTHS

Madge was a smooth and expert swimmer – especially when it came to the breast stroke – and she would glide slowly and elegantly up and down the baths, followed by a huge clumsy shoal of men and boys, all splashing and jostling and trying to look nonchalant.

In spite of her convoy of lustful admirers, Madge kept herself to herself, and when she had swum 20 lengths, she would climb out of the pool and – followed by 97 pairs of goggling eyes – climb the stairs back to her changing cubicle, with a thin stream of water running from her wet and woolly crotch. You could have heard an underwater fart at 90 feet, and very often you did.

SEDUCTION PLAY

Every man over seven years old at that swimming-pool fancied Madge Puddephatt, but in the end it was I who had

by tony husband



her. Did I do this by flattery and seduction? Did I do it by posing by the side of the pool, flexing my biceps, or whatever they're called? Did I do it by plunging into the pool with my Ever-Ready three-colour torch crammed into my Millett's swimming trunks, so that Madge couldn't help noticing that my life-saving equipment was larger than most?

HIDDEN STONKERS

Next time I went to the baths, I hung around by the diving-boards waiting for Madge to appear – which (to my trunk-twitching excitement) she eventually did. Even when everybody else plunged into the water to conceal their stonkers, I stayed where I was, despite the fact that my cock had uncurled itself inside my swimming trunks like a cat stretching in its sleep. When Madge appeared in her grey woolen costume, I felt a spasm deep between my legs, and I was worried that I was going (spontaneously) to imitate the penny-in-the-slot Brylcreem machine.

As Madge entered the water, closely followed by her salivating entourage, I climbed to the top of the diving-board. I waited on the edge of the very top board with my knees knocking and the old blunt instrument sticking out about a rod, perch or pole, for those of you who remember when measurements were sensible, like firkins and bushels and minches (a minch is an old-time measurement of how far a ploughman could push the fingers of his left hand up a farmgirl's minge while eating his lunch with his right).

BLUFF-DIVER

As Madge swam below me, I launched myself off the diving-board with a cry of 'Eskimo!' which is what you shout

dial 'O' for orgasm



instead of 'Geronimo!' when you're practically freezing your nuts off.

I plunged into the water right in front of her, and then I took a long, long time coming to the surface. When I did, I floated in lifeless circles with my eyes closed, trying to look drowned – which to tell you the truth I practically was. I've seen Glenryck Pilchards with more life in them than I had then.

But, my ruse worked. Barely had I floated in a circle, a circle, a circle but barely three, when Madge Puddephatt wrestled me into the rescue position, and hauled me to the side.

MEDICAL BLOW-JOB

Her plump wet thighs enclosed my upper body like two warm-blooded dolphins snuggling up against me. Her huge wool-covered breasts swung wetly and heavily against my chest with every life-giving breath she gave me. Her lips were full and soft and her mouth tasted of cough-candy and chlorine.

REVIVAL TECHNIQUE

By now, my cock was the size of the Eddystone lighthouse (to continue in a nautical vein) and with Madge's bulging pudenda pushing against it so rhythmically there wasn't much chance of it turning back into a deflated lilo, or even the left-hand turret of a bouncy castle.

Madge must have felt it, because she stopped the kiss of life and pressed her plump mound of Venus against my tumescent tool, and blinked me a blue-eyed blink of surprise and lust.

"He'll live," she told the assembled throng, most of whom looked positively disappointed. Nothing like a dead body to liven up the day. "I'll help him back to his cubicle, just to make sure."

Once they knew I was going to survive, the crowd lost interest, and so nobody noticed Madge squeezing herself into my cubicle beside me and closing the door.

BULGING BUGLE

Immediately she thrust her hand into the front of my swimming trunks, and hoicked out my massive erection. She gave it two or three hasty rubs with her hand, and I almost shot on the spot.

But Madge said: "Quick . . ." and turned around so that her grey woolly bottom was pressed against my bulging bugle. She dragged aside her sodden gusset with her fingers, exposing a pink and pouting cunt glistening with juices and swimming-bath water.

I needed no further encouragement. With a cry

of "Esther Williams for ever!" I slid the entire length of my hardened pole into Madge's voluptuous vagina, until my bare balls were nodding against the wet dragged-aside wool of her costume.

I reached forward and gently rolled down the top of her costume, so that her wet globular breasts were released from the clinging fabric. I squiggled her breasts until my fingertips disappeared into the squeaky, yielding flesh, although her nipples stuck up so stiffly that you could have used them as ink-rubbers.

COPIOUS CLIMAX

At last I gave a mighty bellow of "Man overboard!" and ejaculated gallons of thick warm sperm into Madge's willing minge. She shook so much when she climaxed that I thought she was going to shake the door off the cubicle, exposing us to all and sundry.

Then, without another word, she readjusted her opaque and matronly coozie, kissed me on the nose, and went out for another swim.

All of which goes to prove that if you want to pull a girl in wool, it's worth pulling the wool over her eyes; or even pulling the wool off her minge; or something like that./Ed Knox.

LAST WORDS terminal talk

30 choice phrases for those who aspire to get back to nature by providing Readi-Meals and McNuggets for earthworms . . .

30. You lift the elephant's foot; I'll get the thorn out.
29. Are you sure holding my gashed leg in this piranha lake will stop the bleeding?
28. Give me a large whisky to help get these heart tablets down, barman.
27. 'Course we'll be safe in Bosnia; there's a cease fire.
26. I wonder if you would autograph this imitation firearm for me, Your Majesty?
25. These mushrooms with red spots on taste nice.
24. Here's a cheque for the vaccination: now, is there any charge for the bubble that was in the hypodermic needle?
23. I'll collect next week's pension when my 22-year-old bride and I get back from honeymoon.
22. Hand me the sandpaper – this blue asbestos needs rubbing down.
21. Don't worry; these volcanic eruptions never last long in Pompeii.
20. Oh, look! Let's take this short-cut across the M6.
19. Nice doggy. Why do you call him Killer?
18. But I thought you said your husband was at the Gun Club?
17. Chernobyl looks nice.
16. See? Tightrope-walking across the Grand Canyon's just a piece of ca-aachoo!
15. If you think that's good, wait until you see my Salman Rushdie impression.
14. I'm OK: it's only dangerous when you get paralysis, tremors and excruciating pains down your left side.
13. Look at me when I'm talking to you, Lot!
12. I'm going to take a closer look at that dolphin with a blade on its back.
11. Bullets! Quick, hide behind this Italian tank.
10. The parachute should slow me down better if I shrug off this backpack.
9. My father's a taxman.
8. I don't care if it does look like me; that voodoo doll's going straight down



SURVIVING THE RECESSION

Girls with big tits* explain how to make your money work for you in these financially troubled times.

With sterling M3 well out of control, the pound in freefall, unemployment at 300 per cent, and building society managers unable to raise an erection anywhere, conventional investments are out of the question. If you have any money at all, here are a number of savings tips:

- Draw all your money out of everywhere in £5 notes.
- Stuff your mattress with them.
- Find a girl with big tits.
- Sit her on your savings.
- Undo her bra.
- Enjoy the slump!

* Our research shows that men always pay a lot of attention to the opinions of a girl with big tits.

the waste-disposal unit.

7. All right, hand me the pliers, but I could have sworn the zoo-keeper said the rhinoceros should be castigated.

6. Of course I'm eating properly: look how much this mole's growing.

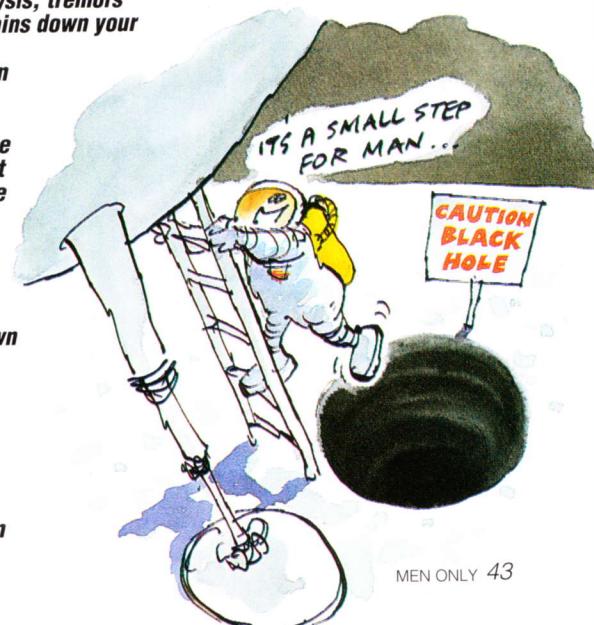
5. I'm just going to wrap a little cotton wool around that snake to stop it rattling.

4. Mike Tyson? Aren't you the one who . . . ?

3. Go and show the old coach driver your scary Hallowe'en mask, son.

2. And you can prove you've got eight draws, darling: I kept the coupon.

1. Look, pretend I'm the clay pigeon . . .





NICOLE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IAN POTTER





It's comforting to know that the really stunning looking girls who you're almost afraid to approach, they're so perfect, don't know how wonderful they are.

Some of them do, it's true, and they're usually bloody impossible, and there are one or two bloody impossible girls around here who aren't half as gorgeous as they think they are. But Nicole honestly doesn't know. She's 24 years old, works in agricultural engineering down in the West Country and it still takes an awful lot of time to

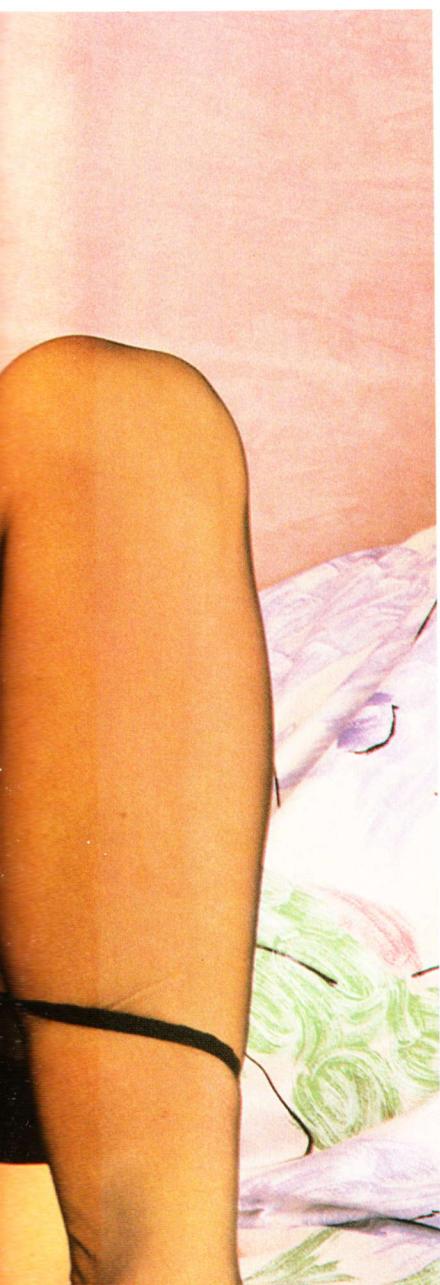
try and talk her out of her clothes. "I think I'm all right up top," she finally admits, "but I don't think my bottom's right somehow. It's not round enough. I'd love to have real curves!"

Ridiculous, isn't it? Like Pavarotti saying he thinks he's too skinny! She's also very shy about her colleagues at work recognizing her, which is why she likes to change her appearance when she's tempted to be really naughty in *Men Only*. You've already seen her - that was in Vol. 57, No. 4 - but you probably

wouldn't recognize her (38-22-35)! The great thing is that once she's naked she's all yours.

"I love it. I love an audience. I really believe I don't want to do it again - I don't mean topless, I mean showing everything else - but when I'm naked I get all wet. And I'll do almost anything. It's just like making love for me - a sort of surrender. It just comes over me, and you know what happens to me then, sometimes. I try and hide it, but everyone knows when I come. You can see it in the pictures."





MEN ONLY

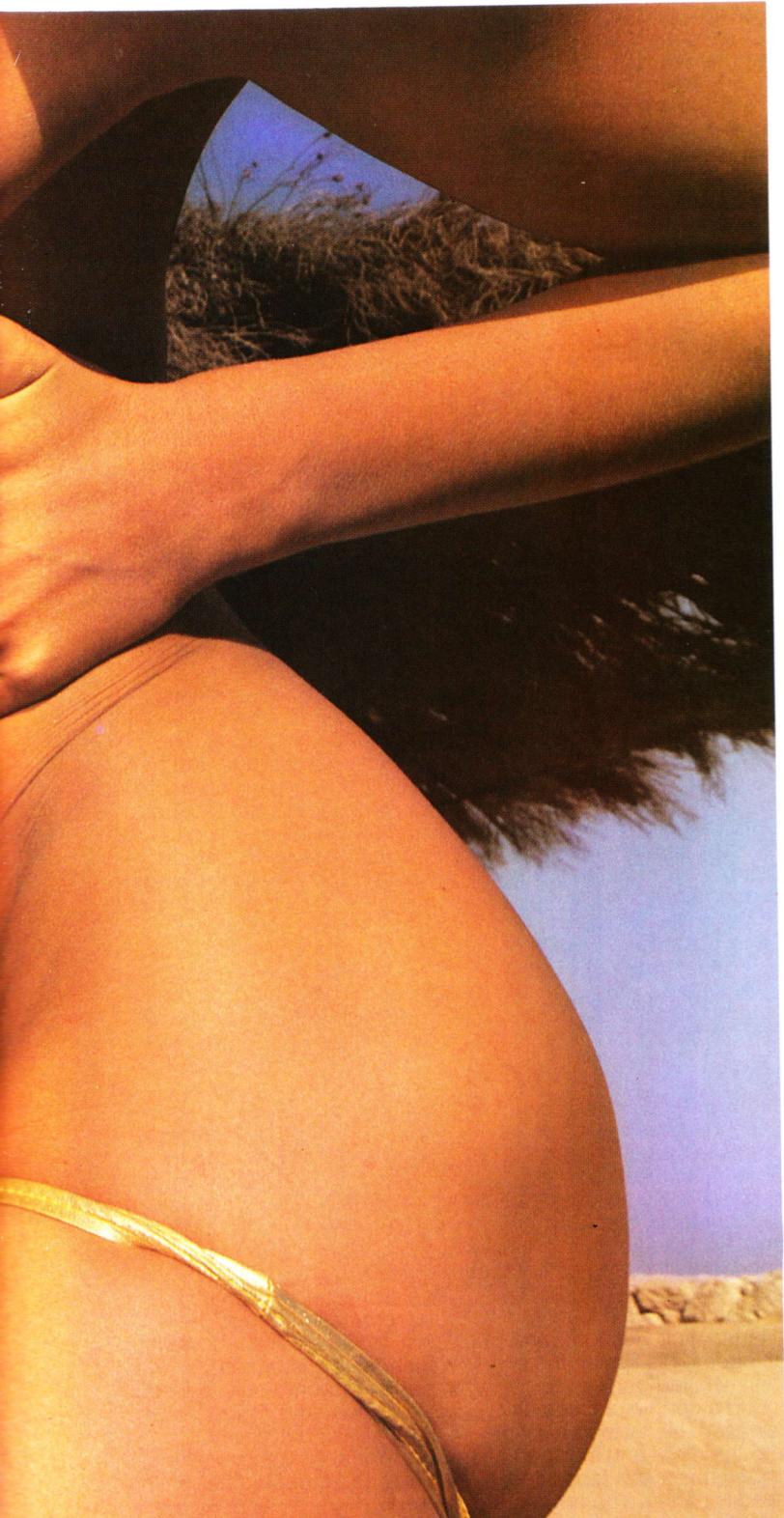




THE GREAT FESTIVE VERTICALLY CHALLENGED BONK-CRAZY XMAS CAPER



**'Twas the night
before Christmas and
buxom Belinda was
expecting all manner
of goodies. But not
blind carol singers,
horny bikers and . . .
dwarfs? Yule-log-
stiffening fiction by
Elk Martin.**



Belinda Barlow wandered slowly through her friends' luxurious flat into the mirrored bathroom. She stopped in front of the floor-to-ceiling towel rail, a stark black rack running clear to the ceiling against the bright white wall.

Belinda remembered the last time she had borrowed the flat in the city. And how she had wound up facing the wall, naked save for a red silk basque and black stockings. Her hands had been stretched above her head and gripping the high rail, her unfashionably full breasts squashed into the

rack and her shoulder-length red-blond hair plastered to her skin with sweat, as her lover Larry had plunged up into her from behind.

Belinda felt herself getting warm now at the memory. How she'd stayed there, shuddering, clinging on to the rail after Larry had finally come volcanically and then wrenched his cock out of her, so that she'd hung there for long moments gasping and exhausted, smelling the thick musk of sex, with his copious spunk trickling down her spread thighs and soaking her stockingtops as she sobbed for breath.

Then she shook her head almost irritably, since as usual when she was away from Larry she could see what a thorough shit he was. For their sex was usually like that, and Belinda wasn't like that. She wondered again with a shudder what the Townswomen's Guild in the comfortable suburb where she lived with her husband David would have made of their strong and clean-cut chairperson on her hands and knees in a French maid's outfit, working for real with a scrubbing brush and bucket while Larry had snuck up behind her, pushed up her skirt, grabbed her by the back of the neck and rammed his prick up into her from above and behind.

"My little scrubber," he'd hissed in her ear, slamming in and out while her nose was still filled with the pungent soap smells. "You love it, don't you?" And she did – against her will, she did. Even the ache at the climax as he pulled out and let his come spurt and spatter over her hairy crack and creamy buttocks, as her cunt contracted helplessly around the emptiness.

Now it was Christmas, and she had boarded the train into town, and braving the snowy streets and the crowds had shopped efficiently for David and their friends. She smiled at the thought of her roly-poly husband and the pleasure he'd get from his gift. But she'd also ducked into a sex shop to get the things her lover Larry had told her to – the vibrators with their black rubber sheaths, and the outrageous long red Mother Claus outfit, see-through and fur-trimmed, with black satin underwear for beneath it.

"I've got your present ready right here," Larry had sniggered during their last snatched phone call, and she could just imagine him cupping his bulging crotch as he said it.

Belinda shook her head, trying to stop her mood darkening. For sometimes

there was an ache, a void in Belinda that not even Larry came close to filling. The only antidote was pure fun, sheer magic, and she had to admit that lately there had been less and less of that with her snide and rather vicious boyfriend.

She shivered, sensing an end approaching, and walked quickly through into the spacious living-room where a log fire was already glowing, with mistletoe hung over the mantel. On the drinks trolley were mugs, a silver ladle and a punch-bowl full of scarlet liquid, with a note propped against a litre bottle of clear liquor.

Belinda read: *Just add the nitro and enjoy, you rascals. We'll think of you as we're hitting the ski slopes. A Cool Yule from Chas and Wendy.*

P.S. If the carol singers come, have them in for a grog, please? Unless you're all tied up . . .

Belinda smiled ruefully at her cheeky friends, reading the note as she splashed the clear spirit into the punch. So she never noticed that the liquor was Polish vodka – and 140 proof. The first swallow of punch made her eyes widen, but then she took another, and soon was recklessly filling the mug again, before sauntering to the bedroom, undressing, and putting on her outrageous seasonal outfit.

Halfway down the second mug she looked at herself in the mirror and saw that her nipples were visible through the gauzy red fur-trimmed wrap and her soft see-through bra. She shimmied, shaking her breasts at herself in the mirror, then strutted up and down in her shiny black high-heeled shoes, admiring the way her figure, trim from aerobics, accentuated her ample breasts, savouring the feel of the loose, pleated black silk French knickers rustling between her thighs and on her buttocks. Ready for anything, she thought – but of course Larry wasn't here. He liked to keep her waiting. Well, fuck him, thought Belinda. Oh I will, I will.

She helped herself to another drink, and on impulse arranged the three vibrators (little, bigger, and king-size with straps – just what did Larry have in mind?) around the punch-bowl, decorating them with tinsel and bits of holly. It was dark outside now, and she noticed that the curtains hadn't been drawn. The strings that controlled the big drapes were complicated, Belinda's co-ordination seemed strangely impaired, and the curtains ended up jammed stubbornly half-open. So she dimmed the lights, lit a few scented candles and,

refilling her mug, sank back on the black leather sofa, her legs sprawling apart and the robe falling open.

Her hand was within reach of the drinks trolley, and almost of its own accord plucked up the smallest vibrator, twisted the base to make it hum and brought it down slowly between her legs, slipping the quivering head in its black rubber sheath inside the loose edge of her knickers, to play lightly over and around her so-sensitive clitoris.

What am I doing? she thought dreamily. I'll wear myself out! Oh, what the hell – it is Christmas . . .

The door-bell rang.

Belinda leaped up, glancing guiltily at the open curtains. Replacing the vibrator on the trolley and wrapping her red robe around her, she strode to the door and pulled it open, ready to bawl out Larry for his late arrival.

But instead of Larry, she found a crowd of people on the step, and as she opened the door they caroled out:

*Hark the herald angels sing,
Harley Davidson is King . . .*

Grabbing the neck of her flimsy robe in an unsuccessful attempt to cover her breasts, Belinda gaped at the singers. There was a handsome, bearded guy in a fringed leather jacket. There was a tall, pretty, dark-haired woman in a fun-fur leopard-skin short coat and pill-box hat. At the front there were what she thought were two children, until she realized they were dwarfs, one with a hump. There was one guy so large that he loomed head and shoulders above the tallest of the others, and one in dark glasses carrying a blind man's cane. They were all wearing denim cut-off colours over leather and war surplus, and they sang:

*Peace on Earth and mercy
mild,
Screamin' Eagle makes it
wild . . .*

But their voices were trailing away in disbelief at the spectacle of the impossibly lovely, scantily-clad blonde standing silhouetted in the lighted doorway. In the silence that followed, Belinda spoke.

"Ah, you must be the carol singers," she observed brightly. "Come on in." And, turning on her spiked heel to reveal generous portions of stockinginged leg and French-knickered bottom through the see-through robe, she led the way into the flat. The dwarfs led the blind man, and the big one had to duck his bullet head to clear the lintel. But once inside, the motley bunch stood shuffling somewhat sheepishly in the hallway.

"Lady, we don't ever get asked inside," said the good-

looking bearded one, who was holding a collecting box. When Belinda saw this, she pulled a note from her handbag and stuffed it in the tin. The singers were stunned again to see that it was a 50.

"Well, my friends said to ask you in for some punch," said Belinda. "What are you collecting for?"

"Us," said the bearded one. He pointed to the top rocker stitched on the back of his colours, which read 'I AND IMC'.

"The Insulted and Injured Motorcycle Club," he explained, adding: "Mostly people pay us to go away. My name's Buck. This is Sheena," he went on, indicating the leopard-skin girl, whose high cheek-bones, long black hair in braids and dark inscrutable eyes put her somewhere between Cher and the Addams Family. "These little guys are Sniff and Scratch,

manner: "This weapon has been recently discharged!"

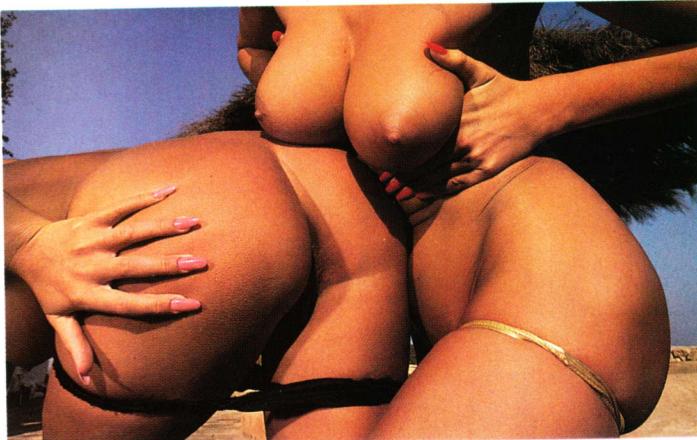
There was more laughter, interspersed with some coughing as the crew discovered just how strong the punch was.

Belinda drank deep and said: "Well, what's a girl to do?" – batting her eyelashes.

Buck tossed the vibrator in the air, then picked up another and threw it aloft, and was quickly and effortlessly juggling all three until they began to whir in mid-air.

"We could play a party game or two," he suggested. But first that punch needs hotting up. Garth?"

The giant pulled a small bottle from his back pocket and gargled from it, then fired up a Zippo and breathed on the lighter's flame. Belinda shrieked as a tongue of fire shot up from his mouth, vivid in the darkened room. He did it again, this time over the



Belinda's eyes fluttered open as she felt the quivering thickness enter her, and then Sheena's hips began pushing the big vibrator in and out . . .

and the big fellow is Garth. That's Harold with the white cane, and this is Charlie Kinch." The last man, in a long leather coat, had slid into the room like smoke.

Seven of them, including dwarfs, thought Belinda a little hysterically. Does that make me Snow White? "Pleased to meet you," she said. "Come in, everybody, and have a drink."

Arriving at the drinks trolley the first things they saw were the decorated vibrators. There was silence again, and then Belinda said: "Swizzle sticks." Only she slurred her s's a little so that everyone laughed aloud, and the ice was thoroughly broken as Belinda began to ladle out drinks. She tingled with the awareness of her half-naked state and the glances she was catching. The air seemed charged with possibility.

Then Buck picked up the little black vibrator Belinda had been using, brought its glistening end up to his nose and said in a Sherlock Holmes

punch-bowl, which ignited in flickering blue fire as they all clapped and helped themselves again to the flaming brew.

"Now how about a game of Blind Man's Buff?" Buck laughed.

Belinda didn't know if she'd heard him right, but as the dwarfs led Harold tapping into the next room, she found herself getting numb with excitement. Buck told her and Sheena to stand on chairs in opposite corners of the room. Sheena shucked off her coat to reveal a sleeveless leopard-skin print top, black leggings and a black stretch micro-skirt. Long and lithe, she climbed on her chair.

Then Buck said loudly: "Harold, find Belinda," and put a finger to his lips as the blind man was led back in, turned round a couple of times and released. He tapped his way into the room and stopped, his gaunt, unshaven face lifted, nostrils flaring. The only sound was the soft crackle of the fire.

Harold eased forward, using his cane to negotiate the sofa, veering away from Belinda and towards the street girl. He stopped about three feet from the chair where Sheena was standing stock still, his head level with her crotch. He took a deep sniff of air, then rasped:

"You, my dear, as always are a sweet distraction," reaching out with his cane to rap her thigh, before tapping away along the wall towards Belinda's corner. Closer and closer he came in the silence, Belinda on the chair holding her breath and feeling her blood beating – eight feet away, five feet, and then suddenly with two final lurching paces he was on her, his nose dipping and rising like the prow of a ship, parting Belinda's robe and before she could stop him burying itself in her crotch. As she shrieked, Harold's long rasping tongue lapped upwards on her warm thigh and slid inside her loose knickers to tangle itself in her moist cunt-lips and pubic hair, grabbing her hips for support and licking her pussy ecstatically until he was pulled away, protesting.

Belinda climbed down shakily and took a restorative drink. "Harold always wins," laughed Buck. "Amazing, isn't he? And let's see whose next."

"Now," Sheena said, pointing a long finger at the trembling Belinda as the room went silent, "my turn. I want a kiss under the mistletoe. From you. On there," she finished, pointing at the sofa.

Instantly there was noisy, good-natured chaos, the crowd converging on the dumbstruck Belinda and half-pushing, half-carrying her to the long leather sofa, hands all over her as they laid her down. Then Sheena stood towering over her for a long moment while Belinda on her back twisted and turned feebly, nearly paralyzed by excitement. As the noise subsided, the giant Garth silently held the mistletoe above them, and Sheena dropped to one knee and brought her lips down on Belinda's . . .

. . . Who had never kissed a woman that way, and to begin with didn't know what this way was. For Sheena's mouth did not insist. It lay on Belinda's for long, long moments softly, almost neutrally before something imperceptible turned their kiss to sweetness. A kiss of friendship, sisterhood, deepened gradually to a soul-kiss, a tentative tongue-kiss, all gradual, but slowly, unstoppably, Sheena's long body had mounted her on the

continued on page 61



vikki

photographs by paul diamond





If you saw Vikki bundling down the rather tatty stairs of the house she shares with three other girls in East London, you'd never think she was a model. In her jeans, leather jacket and trainers she looks just like hundreds of other girls up in London to party and punch a computer keyboard in their spare time.

Pretty, you'd think. But you'd never imagine that just by pulling her jeans down, skinning off her T-shirt and adding just a bit of make-up, she turns into a mind-melting beauty like this (34-22-36). A real chrysalis job.

About the only thing that might give her away is the big black portfolio she carries around with her, full of pictures of her secret self which she delights in showing to photographers in pubs.

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sofa and Belinda was feeling a choking wave of lust. She pressed herself into Sheena's softness and hardness; she wanted to lose herself in this girl, but as she stroked her hair and crooned beneath their locked lips and lashing tongues she didn't know how.

But Sheena did. Her free hand was flicking urgently to the others and in a moment she felt the big vibrator in her palm. She arched her buttocks so that the eager dwarfs could skin down her leggings and panties and fasten the electric dildo's straps around her waist and up through her hairy crotch. Then she thumbed on the thick, penis-shaped vibrator and, holding it between them, slipped it up into Belinda's sopping twat.

Belinda's eyes fluttered open as she felt the quivering thickness enter her nether lips. She flung her arms round Sheena's shoulders and buried her head in the other girl's musky black hair, as she felt Sheena's hips begin to push the big vibrator in and out, further and further up her. She wanted to scream.

"How's that?" growled Sheena. "And that?" shoving harder, and Belinda found she was whispering 'lovely', even as she heard the big whirling stick squelching in her juices and looked at the faces along the back of the sofa watching intently, with blind Harold listening raptly. Some of the guys had their stiff pricks out. It should have been a degrading hell, but she found it was heaven – she'd never been so turned on.

Then her eyes widened. From where she was lying she could see the picture window beyond the half-drawn curtains. There was a face at the window. The anguished face of her lover, Larry.

She felt a brief pang of guilt as she realized she'd forgotten all about him. But then a wave of fierce anger swept everything away. He shouldn't have been late! You want whorey, Larry? Try this. And deliberately she quickly spread and lifted her legs even further, then pummelled Sheena's buttocks with her heels and shouted: "Oh God, darling, finish me!" And if it started as an act, it quickly became real, as neither girl could take the pulsating mock-penis clamped between them any longer and both suddenly stiffened in orgasm – Sheena with a grunt of "Fuck!" – and Belinda with a long yelp of sheer ecstasy that penetrated the window to torture Larry's ears. Next time she looked, he was gone.

The atmosphere was hot

and heavy with lust as Sheena pushed through the half-naked bikers to the sofa with a drink for Belinda, and Buck growled: "A tough act to follow. But how about 'A Day at the Races'?"

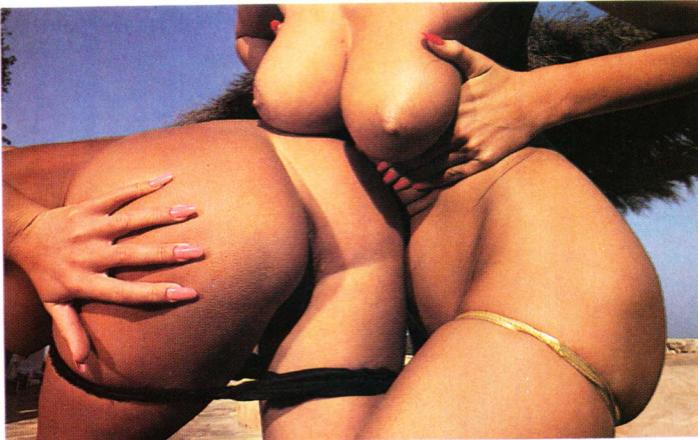
"Races! Races!" they cried, especially, Belinda noticed, the dwarfs Scratch and Sniff.

Sheena shot her a rueful 'Men!' type glance, and then smiled for the first time. "All right, OK," she grumbled and, stripping down to her boots and leopard-skin bra and pants, got on her hands and knees. "Come on down," she told Belinda. The blonde rose from the sofa with quaking knees and let the red robe and her bra slip from her shoulders, and the men gasped to see her beautiful figure. Then, not knowing what to expect, she dropped to her knees beside Sheena.

Instantly she felt Scratch, the dwarf with the hump, leap on her back. "Three times round

dwarfs liberally applied the humming vibrators between the girls' legs to encourage them. But by the third and final lap both Sniff and Scratch had got so excited that they'd ditched the poking sticks and were stretched out along the girls' backs, hanging on to their hair and rubbing their cocks off against the rippling backs and bottoms beneath them. Belinda saw Sheena scrambling ahead and something made her lurch sideways and elbow her out of the way, surging past the giant's 'winning post' just as Scratch clenched his hands in her hair, groaned and shot his load all over the black pleated silk stretched taut over her bum.

"The winner!" they cried, and lifting Belinda by her arms stripped off her soiled clothing, and in front of the fire lowered her naked on to Garth. "You get second prize, baby," Buck



They all watched her take it. She'd never been so stuffed; she felt her eyes bulge as the slick pole of rigid flesh pushed her apart and filled her . . .

the room and the first past the post wins," he yelled, as beside her his pal Sniff jumped astride Sheena. Both were naked from the waist down, sporting disproportionately large hard-ons, and brandishing whirling vibrators as riding crops.

"The winning post?" gasped Belinda. Scratch pointed to the fireside, where the giant Garth had lay down on his back and was holding an enormous erection upright with both hands. "Is there a prize?" asked Belinda.

"The winning post is the prize," cackled Scratch. And then Buck shouted: "They're off!" And suddenly Belinda felt the dwarf reach down between her buttocks and through her French knickers prong her with the vibrator. She yelped and leaped forward, and the race was on.

She and Sheena were neck and neck for the first two circuits, breasts swaying as they crawled forward fast while the bikers yelled and the

was telling Sheena, keeping her on her knees and tenderly pulling down her pants to push his prick into her doggy-fashion.

Belinda looked down and saw that Garth's prick was as tall as a table lamp, as thick as a champagne bottle's base. She thought she'd never take it, but she was very, very wet and willing. So crouching on her haunches over him, Belinda gripped the bulb at the end of his cock, her fingers spreading the drop of shiny liquid on its tip around it as lubricant, and lowered herself on to Garth's tremendous pole.

In silence they all watched her take it, heard her gasping sob of pleasure as the vast red knob-head finally slipped between her cunt-lips and lodged inside her. She'd never been so stuffed; she felt her eyes bulge as the slick pole of rigid flesh pushed her apart and filled her. They watched as her mouth contorted, gasping for breath, and then Kinch bent forward and kissed

her gently, slowly slipping his thick tongue between her tingling lips and deep into her mouth. In front of her Buck was steadily fucking the kneeling Sheena while the biker girl, grunting, her breasts shaking from the assault from the rear, kindly sucked off blind Harold until he convulsed forward and came in her mouth.

The two dwarfs began to touch Belinda's breasts, pulling on her long nipples as if they were milking her. Groaning almost irritably at the tickling pleasure as they sucked her tits desperately, she shifted on her haunches and stiffened as another inch of Garth's rampant pole went in, then, still kissing Kinch, she began to bob gently up and down, feeding the mighty tool bit by throbbing bit into her aching quim. Each new incursion felt as if it were going to split her in two, yet a moment later she'd feel she couldn't live with less than it, and in fact wanted more.

The giant in his turn began to groan as her rhythmic riding massaged his member, until both he and Belinda were biting their lips with their eyes clenched shut. When she felt something begin to shift and stir in the bulk between her legs, she began to mew pitifully, not sure any longer if it was her or him, and then she shrieked as Garth's enormous hands grasped her hips hard and rammed her up and down on him once, twice, and Kinch, watching, broke his silence to breathe, "Yes!" as Garth groaned and her cunt and belly were suddenly awash with great gouts of semen, and Belinda was screaming, "Ooh, oh, OOH!" as the quakes of orgasm hit her and her eyes rolled back in her head as she toppled slowly sideways and fainted clean away . . .

On the train home she almost believed it had all been a vodka-fuelled dream, until she winced a little at the bruises on her hips, and still detected and savoured the faint musk of fuck that lingered even after the languorous shower she had taken, once the happy bikers had drifted away, shaking their heads admiringly and murmuring, "World-class cunt!"

And she smiled to remember her encounter with the choir of preppy carol singers on the doorstep as she left the flat – the respectable ones who her friends Chas and Wendy had really intended her to entertain. Belinda ran away from them, giggling helplessly, as they sang out:

*We wish you a Merry Christmas,
We WISH you a Merry Christmas . . .*

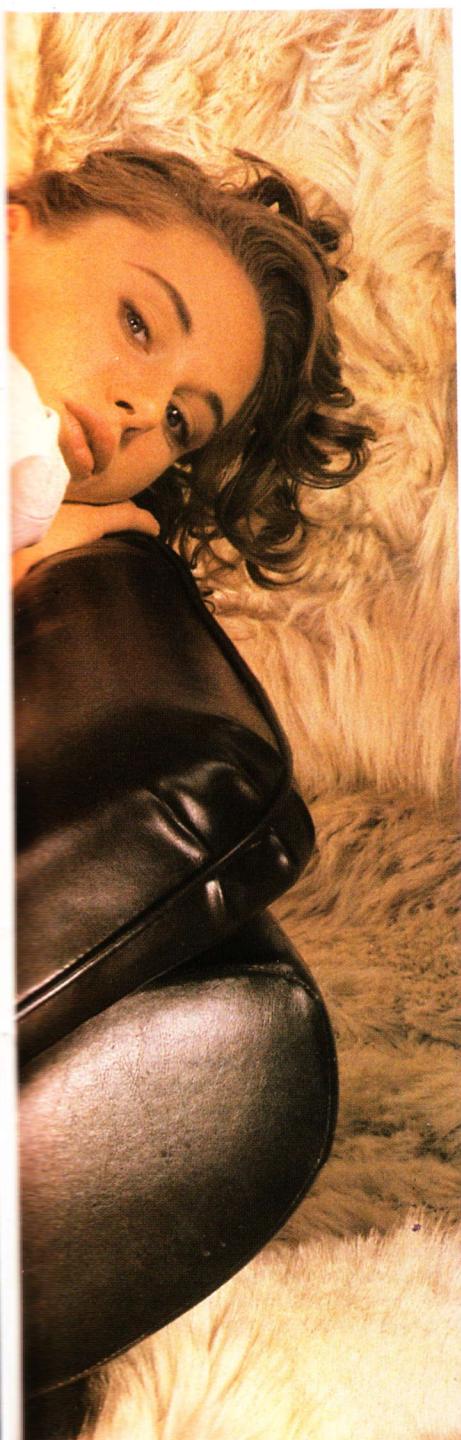
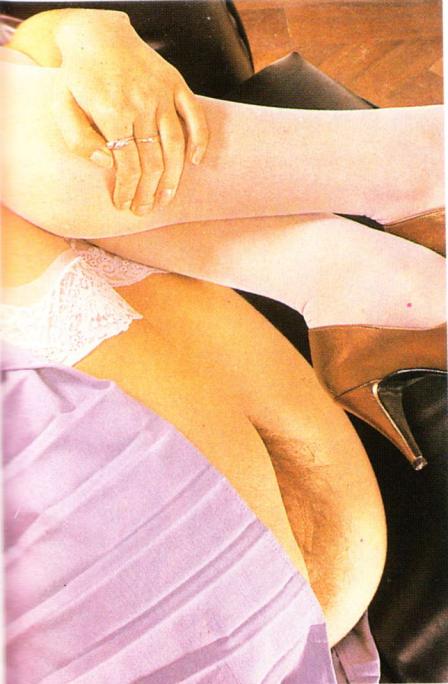




misha

Photographs by Joanie Allum





Our Secretary of the Month, Misha Lee, is 23 years old and works in aggregates - which we thought were a particularly obscene kind of split-crotch PVC bondage bloomers, but it turns out to be gravel. Oh well. Misha's a proper secretary. She wears a uniform to work - black skirt, white blouse, black shoes and tights or stockings (old-fashioned firm, you see). And she's got a soft spot for her boss. Although when we said we thought we knew which spot she meant, she got quite cross. "Nothing like that! I am fond of him; I do look after him at the office (and he needs looking after, I can tell you). We have a kiss and cuddle sometimes and he pats my bottom, but that's as far as it goes. He's more like an older brother, really." Which is as it should be. Except it seems to have been his suggestion that she send some naughty shots of herself in an office setting to *Men Only*. And Misha absolutely refuses to tell us who took those polaroids. Absolute loyalty. We like that. That's why she's our Secretary Of The Month. Congratulations, Misha (32-24-36). 



yours sinfully

Write and tell us what turns you on. We'd love to know about your sexual fantasies and true life experiences. Address your letters to: The Editor, Private Parts, Men Only, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE

POKING IN THE PARK

The thing about being blonde, big-boobed and bubbly is that men tend to see you as 'easy'. Not that I mind too much about that; it's just that the guys who approach me always tend to be the type you'd never in a million years consider spreading your legs for!

That's what I first thought about Gary. It all started in the park where I go for my daily run. I work at a nightclub and it's hardly the most energetic of jobs, so I like to keep in trim with plenty of exercise. Of course, my fave kind of exercise is the kind you can't do in public, but at this time I was 'between' men, as it were, so I was spending plenty of time jogging or working out at my local gym.

OK, so my boobs are big, but why that means men think they can call out all kinds of lewd comments when I go bouncing past is beyond me.

That's how it started with Gary. There I was, trotting through the park one morning when suddenly I heard someone shout: "Careful, girl, you could put your eye out with those!"

Oh, very funny! I stopped and looked in the direction it'd come from. That's when I saw him: tall, fair-haired, muscular – what the Americans call a 'jock'. He was standing there in a tight pair of shorts and an equally tight vest, staring at me with a huge cocky grin on his face. I intended to wipe that smile right off!

"Think I've never heard that

line?" I demanded. "'Cos I have and it wasn't funny the first time. How'd you like it if I made comments about your dick?"

He shrugged, looking a little nonplussed. "I'd welcome it," he said. "Coming from a fine-looking girl like you it could only be a compliment."

The cheeky swine, I thought and, of course, my eyes gravitated to his crotch. I did indeed feel like making a comment, but, on the evidence I saw, it could hardly be insulting. As I said, those shorts were tight and drenched with sweat, too, outlining what – unless he'd padded it out – was some major bulge he had down there. I swallowed my pride – and all my best put-down lines – and the next I knew we were chatting like we'd known each other ages. I



couldn't help but take to him, even though he was a bit too cocksure for my liking, continually remarking on how I looked in a way that told me he had anything but honorable intentions where I was concerned. It was then the idea occurred to me and I resolved right on the spot to put it into practice.

The next day I decided against a run, but I still went to the park, only this time I was wearing a tight dress, suspenders and stockings. As always at that time the place was near deserted, so I plumped myself down on the bench close by where we'd met the previous day and waited. It'd taken a lot of nerve and a few stiff brandies to get me this far and now I was determined to see it through.

I waited and waited, but the bastard didn't show. I was all set to call it a day and head home to where I had something more reliable in my bedside drawer when suddenly I heard Gary's voice.

"Shit! A bit different from what I'm used to," he said and I looked up to see him red-faced and sweaty, standing over me.

"You took your time?" I commented. "Too busy ogling women's tits, were you?"

He grinned sheepishly and sat down beside me. "The only woman I want to look at is sitting right here," he smiled and, dammit, that charm was on again! I reminded myself that it was me who was meant to be in charge here, so I crossed my legs high, my dress riding up, exposing the tops of my stockings.

"Look some more," I told him. "Like what you see?"

Gary nodded. "Very nice," he said. "But why are you showing me this here? Surely, there's somewhere a little more . . . private?"

"Ah, well," I mused, "you see, that's my trouble – I only get excited out in the open. I dunno, I think I've got a bad exhibitionist streak in me . . ."

And as I said that, I loosened the straps of my dress and let them fall so my bra-less tits were almost completely revealed, the nipples already getting stiff in the thin breeze. Gary nearly choked.

"God," he breathed, "you'll get us into all sorts of trouble!"

"Looks like you're already having problems," was my reply, as I pointed to his shorts where I could already see a sizeable bulge swelling under the shiny fabric. I reached out and touched it lightly. It leapt and squirmed as my fingers brushed over it and I could feel myself getting more agitated and eager for his cock. "Come on, Mr. Confidence," I teased, hooking my fingers into the band of his shorts, "give me something to shout about, won't you?"

And I yanked his shorts away from his groin. His cock sprang out, semi-hard but already bigger than I was used to. Quickly, I grabbed him before he could slither free, curling

Quickly, I grabbed him, taking one of his hands and sliding it under my skirt to let him feel the dampness of my knickers.

my fingers round the veiny shaft while, at the same time, taking one of his hands and sliding it under my skirt to let him feel the dampness of my knickers.

"I want it!" I panted in my best vampish voice. "Oh yes, I want

it bad and I want it right now!"

His urges were fast overcoming his inhibitions. He looked around. "The coast's clear," he said. "You really want it here?"

That had never been my intention, but suddenly it made



sense. "Yes," I replied, "let's do it here!" And I bent down and captured his salty tool in my mouth, licking and sucking hard and crazily till I felt him jerking against my tongue.

"Quick, sit on my lap," Gary urged, "there's someone coming!"

Glancing over my shoulder, I saw he wasn't lying. Two old geezers were ambling towards us, so I sat on his lap and we made like we were just necking. But all the time his hard cock was under my dress and nudging my pussy-lips. It didn't take much manoeuvring to guide the head of it past my juicy lips and deep inside me and that's how we managed to do it, right out in the middle of the park, me clutching my pussy walls round his shaft as we rocked gently back and forth (when people were passing), or really went at it like sex-crazed bunnies, me grinding and bucking on his cock (when the coast was clear). My tits were level with his face and Gary was a wonder when it came to teasing my nips with his tongue and teeth.

All in all it was no wonder, given how long we were actually at it (about an hour or so), that when I finally came it was an incredibly intense orgasm that made me almost shriek with utter bliss. Come to think of it, there were a few raised eyebrows from two old dears when they overheard my moans of: "Fill my hole with spunk!" as they wandered round from the boating pond. I wonder if they were bewildered by Gary's contorted expression at that point – he was doing exactly what I'd told him!

There must be easier ways of finding a fella, but I'll bet not many are half as thrilling. We're still seeing one another and every now and then repeat that first encounter in the park – and I'm not bored with it yet!

Cheryl, Luton.

SPECIAL DELIVERY

Jeremy started it all off the night in the pub when he was going on about some kind of kissogram he'd read about in a sleazy newspaper. This kind was different, more of a 'bonk-a-gram' than anything else. We all dismissed it as tabloid fantasy, but it definitely planted a delicious idea in my head.

I've always been daring when it comes to getting my kicks and for months I'd had the delicious idea of bedding these three guys who work with me at our office. Of course, it being me I wanted them all together and Jeremy's saga had given me the perfect plan. I knew that one of the blokes, Rick, had his birthday coming up and so coerced my other two dreamboats, Wayne and Justin, into setting up a birthday surprise for him. They thought everyone else was in on it, but being sworn to secrecy by me, they couldn't talk about it to anyone else.

On Rick's birthday, I dressed ultra-sexy beneath my staid office clothes. My fishnet stockings weren't unusual, but the silky teddy and filmy G-string certainly were. I'd arranged for Justin and Wayne to get Rick alone in the office that lunchtime. I waited, hardly believing I was going to do this, for the call that told me everything was set. Then I waltzed downstairs and strolled into the office where all of them were waiting. Wayne slipped the tape I'd given him into the deck and as the music blared out I went into my routine.

"Happy birthday, Rick!" I grinned, dancing towards him as he sat, dumbstruck, on the edge of his desk. I began plucking open the buttons of my blouse. A few seconds later, it was draped over Rick's head and my skirt was coming down as I wiggled my arse seductively in front of them. Wayne decided it'd be safer to lock the



I was getting so turned-on I put my free hand between my thighs and played with myself, tugging my G-string to one side so the others could see . . .

door and as it clicked shut I really let myself go, thrusting my pussy back and forth like a go-go dancer, making my tits shimmy in the thin teddy as I draped myself over Rick and began to press my crotch to his.

Something hard was wriggling about in there, so I turned to his two pals and grinned: "Shall I give Rick a *proper* birthday treat?" They both nodded eagerly, so I slid to my knees and pressed my face into Rick's hot crotch. His trousers were stretched tight and the zipper arched out to greet me. Carefully, I grasped the tab between my teeth and dragged it down.

"Jesus!" gasped Rick as I delved inside for his cock, grabbing it and dragging it out into the light.

"Fucking hell!" I heard Wayne mutter. "She's gonna blow him!"

And I was! Rick's cock was long and slender and tasted clean as I closed my brightly-lipsticked mouth around its girth and started to bob my head back and forth, my fingernails raking over his balls and making it twitch in my mouth as I deep-throated him. I was getting so turned-on I couldn't stop putting my free hand between my thighs and playing with my wet minge, tugging my G-string to one side so the others could see.

"Hey, fellas," I said, letting Rick slide out of my mouth a second, "you just going to stand and watch or do I get any?" That was like signalling the cavalry charge and in next to no time their hands were all over me, on my tits, my thighs, my pussy, my bum, feeling me up and slipping their fingers into my dripping hole to stir them about.

Soon, I was so eager to be fucked. I was arching back my bum and pleading: "Fuck me, one of you! Fuck me, please!"

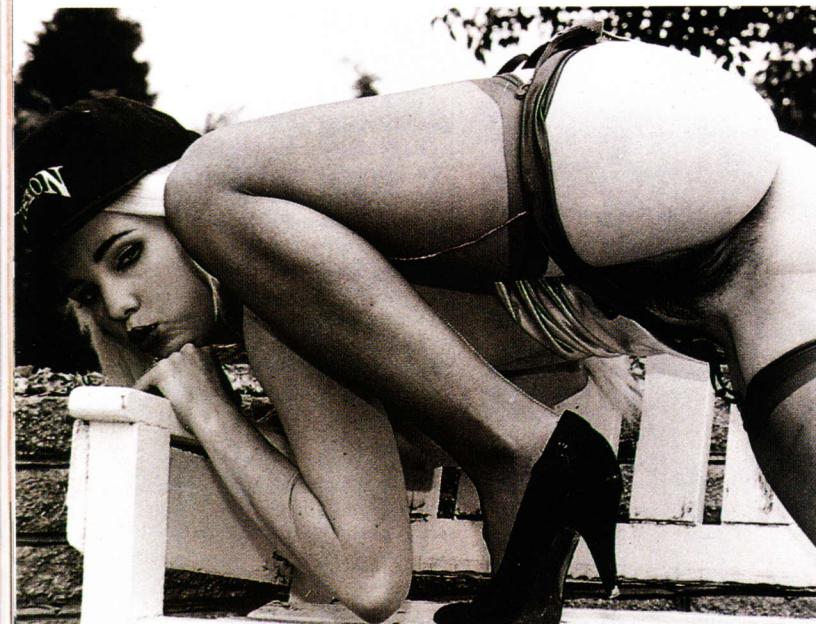
Wayne was first in position. I never saw his cock, but I definitely felt it as he eased it into my slippery tunnel, stretching the lips wide. It felt huge and a few rough thrusts was enough to have me feeling the first fluttering vibrations in my cunt as my orgasm started.

Moments later it was only Rick's tool that stifled my wails of ecstasy as my climax shot through me. By now, Justin had pulled out his meat and Rick and he were taking turns to fill my mouth with dick.

Everything was going exactly as planned. Wayne's formidable dick pounding back and forth beautifully in my pussy, making me come not once, but three times before he said he needed a break and asked Rick to take over. They hauled me up on to the desk and I sat on Rick's cock and leaned forward to suck on Justin and Wayne's enormous juice-coated prick – quite a challenge! Justin, to make matters worse, started rubbing my clit while I bounced up and down on Rick and soon I was orgasming even harder than before. (My clit gets ultra-sensitive when I'm getting laid – one touch will set me off like fireworks on Bonfire Night.)

We only had an hour, but we filled those 60 minutes with as much sex as you could get. Naturally, it being his birthday, I told Rick he could come any way he wanted. He promptly wanked himself off right over my tits! The sight of it dripping off my stiff nipples got the others going and pretty soon my boobs were drenched with sticky, squelchy spit – the filthy brutes!

It was worth the effort to set it all up and, now I've experienced how utterly, incredibly filthy it can be to take on three fellas, I want more of





the same – and soon. According to Justin, Wayne's birthday is coming up shortly. I'll have to think of something pretty special for that occasion, won't I?

Serena, Lewisham.

VELVET DELIGHT

I've had plenty of delightful experiences in my 35 years and known many wonderful men, but women can bring me just as much pleasure . . . women like Emma, for example.

It was my husband who agreed to us taking in students from the local college to help their housing crisis. I think he was looking for a hunky lad for me, he rarely being home too much these days and understanding my sex drive is much more demanding than his.

When Emma arrived, he was almost apologetic, but I told him not to worry. You see, there was something about Emma that told me she might be an interesting kind of girl.

Maybe you need to have known girl-girl sex to know it, but instinct told me that this young slip of a girl was more adventurous sexually than most of her peers. I certainly hoped so, because her slim body in a tight velvet dress that showed

every curve was very tempting indeed. But I wasn't forcing anything – that definitely wasn't my style. Instead, I concentrated on getting to know her and soon discovered we had interests in common. I especially admired her dress sense. Velvet, as I soon found out, was something of a fetish with her. That was what we were discussing the night when things started to happen.

We were chatting in the kitchen over a cup of coffee and I was saying how much it

flattered a good body like hers when she replied: "You ought to try wearing it – there's nothing wrong with your body."

I was flattered myself now and said how kind she was, but she waved that aside. "No," she insisted, "you look wonderful. I hope I look like you in 15 years' time."

Anyway, we soon were up in her room and Emma was picking out articles from her wardrobe for me to try on. She tossed me a clinging dress and

as I undressed to my undies I noticed her watching me in a way that was more, um, intense than usual.

"Gorgeous," she said simply. "Really lovely." It took me a second to realize she was referring to my physique. Emboldened, I stood erect and showed her more. The one-piece I had on was quite revealing – too revealing, as the next thing Emma said was: "Your nipples are really hard, aren't they? Are they always like that?"

I looked down and saw how right she was. I went crimson and, I don't know why, started apologizing. She just smiled and shook her head. "Do women turn you on?" she asked, not being in any way coy about it.

Taking her lead, I stopped acting like a teenager and told her I'd had my moments in the past.

Emma came closer. "Me, too," she said. "I'm bi as well. Why don't you kiss me?"

Our lips met and we were kissing passionately before I had a chance to take it all in. I was being seduced! But I wanted it, God, how I wanted it!

Our clothes came away piece by piece until we were both naked. Emma's body was beautifully firm, almost coltish,





and the way she responded to my touch thrilled me incredibly. Our nipples brushed together, our pussies likewise and as I drew one of her long hard nipples into my mouth, the way she moaned convinced me she was sincere in her lust and not just some sleazy trollop taking advantage of my weakness. Her hands glided over my skin, fingers inching down the crevice of my buttocks to gently caress my pussy.

"Mmm, you're ever so wet," she giggled. "I wonder how you taste?"

Rolling over on to my back, I spread my thighs wide and replied: "You want to find out?"

Emma smiled sultrily and started kissing her way from my neck to my abdomen, lingering over my breasts *en route*. My breathing was coming in short gasps as her lovely face went down on my pussy, her tongue tenderly lapping the musky folds before parting them to find my clit already hard and craving the touch of her tongue.

Oooohhh! This girl was no beginner. The way she gently coaxed me to orgasm was perfect. She knew exactly what to do, how fast to go, then how slow, bringing me close to the



As I drew one of her long hard nipples into my mouth, the way she moaned and responded to my touch thrilled me incredibly . . .

boil several times before she finally went wild, tongue whirling over my hot pink pearl and whipping me into an ecstatic frenzy that left me almost senseless after my climax had rattled me for a good two minutes or maybe longer. I can't recall exactly as immediately afterwards it was my turn to give her something as we rolled easily and effortlessly into a lingering, loving 69.

I gave it my all, not wanting Emma to miss anything as I teased her beautifully-formed, fragrant pussy with my fingers and tongue, letting her feel every little nuance and sensation before it was her turn to come, her spicy pungent juices dripping over my lips and tongue as we held on for every last feeling till the pleasure ebbed away and it was time for that much-needed cigarette!

What a turn-up! So Emma and I have been exploring our fantasies ever since and loving every second of it. It's nothing emotionally heavy or anything, we know that, and Emma even has a boyfriend she brings home now and then. As a sexy diversion, nothing can beat it. Long may it continue!

Ursula, Norwich. MG





my confession

We all have sexy secrets and erotic fantasies although few of us are fortunate enough to put them into practice. 'My Confession' is for those impulsive and audacious readers who have dared to do it for real . . .

When I divorced John there was the feeling that this was the end of him and me: there wasn't going to be any going back. The feeling seemed to be mutual and, looking back, John and I had never really been compatible, except in bed – sparks flew there! But you can't build a stable relationship on sex alone; you need things like trust, which, after the incident at my best friend's wedding, I didn't feel I could give to John any more.

I wouldn't have minded as much, but it was my brother's wife John was fucking doggie fashion when I caught him behind the marquee. I couldn't believe it. OK, I was slightly tipsy after all that champagne and I had been making eyes at

the best man from the moment the service had started, but at least it wasn't me leaning over the wall with her tits being squeezed and her dress up round her waist. It wasn't me being unfaithful, was it?

Mind you, I *was* considerate to Mai Lin . . . I let her have her orgasm before I delivered a round of expletives to my cheating rat of a husband just as he was getting close to blowing his load, and declared I'd see him in court! Mai Lin squealed in utter shock, John's dick shrivelled and the whole horrible process was underway.

I mean, it wasn't as if it'd been the first time, either. How about the time I caught him with his head under Carmina's skirt last Christmas? The expression

on her face left me in no doubt as to what he was finding down there! And in our bedroom as well, to add insult to injury, that fat trollop Carmina was beaming like a cat who'd got the cream . . . and she probably would have got it, too, except the impact of my stiletto heel in John's tender parts put paid to any cream-gushing he might have had that night. And there was a host of other times I suspected, but couldn't pin anything on him.

And, if I'm honest, I had my moments, too: those rugby players behind the local rec centre – all three of them giving me a proper seeing-to; one in my mouth, another fucking me from behind, while another contentedly rubbed his bloated

tool against my jiggling tits. Wow! What a night that was, but at least I made damn sure my husband never found out! OK, I'll admit it – I'm as highly-sexed as John . . . but at least I'm subtle.

Anyway, when we finally broke up I found myself back on my own again for the first time in three years and, to tell the truth, I wasn't liking it very much.

Of course, your girlfriends all try to 'get you out', and there'd been many a drunken girls' night out, where yours truly'd be steered in the direction of some missing link with the instruction: "Go on, Shirley, get yourself fucked, gal!"

Trouble was, I'd never been too aroused by Wayne the



Neanderthal Man (which was the sort of guy my friends seemed to think I would drop my knickers for).

No, I wasn't *that* desperate. What is it about women that they think every recent divorcee wants nothing more than to get unceremoniously humped by some overendowed moron?

OK, so John was no angel, but at least in bed his imagination amounted to more than, 'I'm gonna fuck you from behind – kinky, eh?'

So the truth was that when John called me up out of the

blue six months after the split became final I'd had nothing inside me since we'd separated except the big old latex bush-buzzer I call 'Alfredo'. But I was OK, I guess; hardly crazy from cock starvation – though, all right, I was starting to fray a little round the edges and there were nights even the Neanderthals seemed tempting (maybe I could have sellotaped over their mouths, or put a paper bag on their heads).

I asked John to what did I owe the honour and he came up with the mundane reply that it

was something to do with last year's tax returns, it all being completely messed up by the split, each of our tax status(es) being different now.

Anyway, it meant him and me putting our heads together and working out all sorts of stupid things, like: was the computer John had bought me for my business deductible? Things like that.

I took a deep breath. "Come over on Friday," I told him. "We'll sort it out."

Was I going to make an effort for when he turned up? YOU

BET! It was a beauty salon-hairdresser-manicure-the-lot affair – I wanted him to see what he was missing! That's a perfectly natural female reaction ... you can't explain it unless you're one of those badly-dressed, pseudo-psychiatrist types who are always turning up on TV shows about PMS, or something – usually male ... as if *they* knew anything!

Anyway, when John turned up I greeted him wearing my shortest, tightest skirt and a thin T-shirt with no bra. I was going for the 'casual' look, you know – though the stockings and suspenders, lacy black panties, etc., I was wearing underneath all that would have given a different impression.

And – *curses!* – he had obviously made a big effort as well: clean shaven, aftershave I didn't recognize, tight jeans, the works. God, he looked good – almost fuckable. Christ, I had to get those thoughts out of my head!

Small-talk. What are you doing these days? Are you seeing anyone? It turned out John was shacked up with some stripper named Dolores. The bastard! He leaves me and takes up with a cheap floozie ... which was about his style, if the truth were told. He was at least getting laid! That did nothing to ease my pangs of lust, I can tell you.

We went through the papers, but my heart wasn't in it. My eyes kept straying to John's crotch, examining the bulge that was quite prominent through his jeans. Thing was, I *knew* what was down there, and that made it worse. OK, I thought to myself, if I'm going to get laid, I'm going to have to take matters into my own hands . . .

So we set down to work, me leaning close to John and trying to resist the urge to brush my hands over his bum or even his crotch. He wasn't making things easy for me the way he kept shifting and adjusting his trousers, as if he had something squirming uncontrollably down there.

The longer this went on the more horny I was starting to get. I decided it was time for me to put all my feminine guile to the test!

The great thing about doing the tax returns is the amount of movement involved: bending over to get papers from drawers; stretching to the shelf where the receipts are kept, and, with my mini-miniskirt, I managed to add spice to each action, my skirt riding up and my stockingtops coming into view whenever I had to reach down or up for some article or other.

An astute girl like me knows how best to use her assets. My arse, for example, John's always





adored and, seeing it curve through my skirt (seeing my pussy-mound each time I bent over) must have had an effect on my ex-husband similar to the effect his well-stuffed crotch was having on me. I'd bolstered myself with vodka prior to his arrival and soon I was enjoying it. It was like seducing a new fella . . . when you know what a good fuck he is!

Somehow, I had the feeling John wasn't as dedicated to Dolores the stripper as he protested. A check on his crotch confirmed that fact: he had a distinct swelling there each time I made sure he got an eyeful of my goodies. He was dangling, all right. All it would take was a final nudge . . .

The taxes were finished and I offered him a drink, which he accepted. We sat on opposite sofas, both eyeing each other up like two horny beasts, making small-talk.

Suddenly I couldn't stand it any longer – my skirt was up round the top of my thighs. I stuck my hand between them and caressed my pussy blatantly. John widened his eyes.

"And how's your sex life?" he asked, half-taunting, half-eager to fuck the arse off me.

"Could be better," I murmured, "though there was this guy last week . . ." I started fibbing on a huge scale, all about this fella with a massive cock I'd had, how he'd crammed that gigantic length into my tight cunt, pounded it deep and made me cum over and over again. How I sucked it till it nudged my tonsils, then let him cream his cum all over my tits and pubes, and so on and so on till I could see John's cock hard as hell under his jeans.

"And how's it been for you?" I asked, nonchalantly. To which he replied with a tale of him and this Dolores, who has huge tits – 44D or something, or so he claimed (he always did have rather a vivid imagination) – and how she loved him to thrust his prick between them and cum over her chest and stomach. Filthy devil! But it had me turned on – my fingers were going 10 to the dozen inside my knickers!

Then it all went quiet and the tension in the room had reached maximum boiling point and John and I were just staring at one another.

Then he said, quite calmly: "I'm going to fuck you now, Shirley. I'm going to fuck you and make you cum. What do you think of that, huh?"

I raised my legs, slid down my panties and sat back, my fingers on my cunt, parting my moist lips. "Go on then," I said. "The pleasure will be all mine."

John stood up and walked



over to me, unzipping his pants. His cock sprung out huge and veined, as big as I remembered it. "Suck it," he rasped. "Take it deep. I know you can."

Some things you never forget! I had that thick hard cock between my lips before you can say knife, gobbling it, loving that salty man-taste, relishing the dribbles of cum oozing from the pee-hole. His balls were huge as I rubbed and teased them in my fingers.

"Now I'm going to really give it to you," I heard him groan. "Yeah, I'm going to fuck you long and hard."

So I lay back and spread my

legs as wide as they'd go, tugging my T-shirt off a moment later.

As my unfettered tits bounced before his eyes, I said it straight: "Fuck me, you cheating bastard. Make me cum if you think you can. I want that big, hard cock of yours up my slippery pussy!"

His cock was up me before I could draw breath, the fat thick shaft slithering deep into my hot hole (mind you, he'd had enough practice!) and suddenly both of us were instantly into that old rhythm we knew so well, John's hips pistonning back and forth as I thrust my cunt rapidly towards him in response, the walls of my pussy spasming and clutching as

he pounded away. But this was more intense, more meaningful than I'd known.

I came – God, how I came – and my climax lasted so long I thought I'd died and gone to heaven. It was John filling me full of his hot spunk seconds later that only made it even more wonderful . . .

Six months on, John and I are still seeing each other – mainly for sex, of course! In fact, if anything, we seem closer than we used to be. Maybe we've found the perfect arrangement at last!

Who's ruling out a remarriage? Well, the way things are going, not me, for sure! 

Dear Readers,,

I get literally hundreds of letters every week from readers who think they have sex problems.

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Today, I launch my new column, "Dear Tara," to give you the benefit of my experience and get your sex life moving again!

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S.C., Southend

① Dear S.C.,

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B.J., London

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A.D., Hertford

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Dear Tara,

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N.M., Halifax

④ Dear N.M.,

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Dear B.O.D.,

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⑤ Dear B.O.D.,

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Dear Tara.

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D.M., Oxford

⑥ Dear D.M.,

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Dear Tara.

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Use a penis developer — I can guarantee immediate results! Working on a vacuum principle, growth is substantial — I guarantee your success. Was £20, now only £4.95.

Dear Tara.

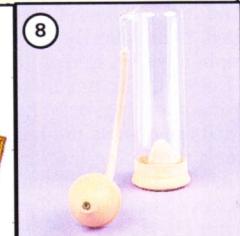
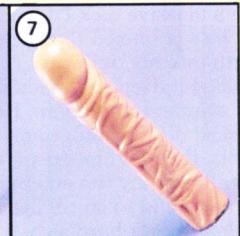
I get embarrassed using a vibrator because of the noise, but I really need the movement a vibrator supplies to reach orgasm.

M.L., Taunton

⑨ Dear M.L.,

The remarkable 'Squirmly Rooter' is the perfect answer, totally silent, rotating, vibrating, squirming. A remarkably lifelike, soft, yet hard, dildo.

Normally £15.00. ONLY £9.95 to "Dear Tara" readers



Post to: Dear Tara, Dept MO, 34 Upton Lane, London E7 9LN

I enclose Cheque/PO made payable to MODivision for £ _____

Please send me the following Adult Products:

7inch MASSAGER £3.75 + £1.05 p&p = £4.80

Multi-Header MASSAGER £6.50 + £1.05 p&p = £7.55

BIG MAN RING £3.95 + £1.05 p&p = £5.00

PEGGY DOLL £14.95 + £1.05 p&p = £16.00

AMERICAN MEN'S MAGS FOR LADIES £9.95 + £1.05 p&p = £11.00

CONTINENTAL MEN'S MAGS £9.95 + £1.05 p&p = £11.00

SILK LIPS £7.95 + £1.05 p&p = £9.00

TARA 'G' SPOT £6.95 + £1.05 p&p = £8.00

SQUIRMY ROOTER £9.95 + £1.05 p&p = £11.00

UNCERTIFIED VIDEO(S) One: £4.95 + £1.05 p&p = £6.00

Two: £9.90 + £1.05 p&p = £10.95 Three: £14.85 + £1.05 p&p = £15.90

PENIS DEVELOPER £4.95 + £1.05 p&p = £6.00

Name _____

Address _____

Postcode _____

I am over 18 and fully aware of the nature of these products and agree not to show them to minors. _____ Signed. _____

HORNY TALK

AUNTY IN LESBIAN

ROMP 0898 884 321

ON ALL FOURS
0898 884 319

I'LL SIT ON IT
0898 900 506

PHONE - A BUST
0898 884 326

CLASSIFIED

Hold onto my wobbly ones 0898 900 510
I'll do what the wife won't 0898 900 511
Sex with the secretary 0898 777 819
Large breasts smothered in oil 0898 777 826
You thrust, I'll swallow 0898 777 822
Bimbo in lycra 0898 900 504
Do you fancy a jump? 0898 900 505

JUNIOR DESIRES

0898 900 501

BE MY OFFICE
SLAVE FOR A
DAY

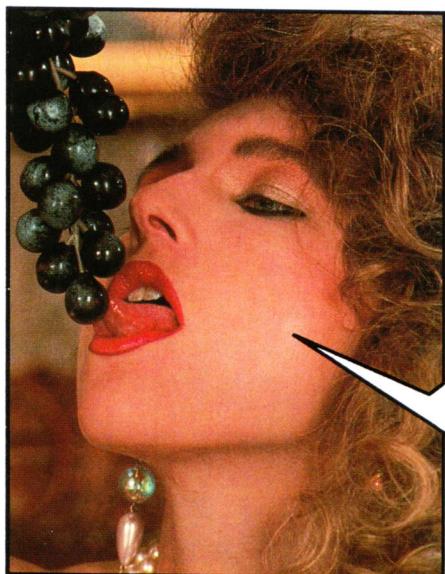
0898 884 201

LISTEN TO ME
DO IT NOW
0898 884 203

RANDY LESBIANS
IN RUBBER
0898 884 202

**BARE
BOTTOM
WAITING**
0898 884 209

XXX ADULT SEX



AMPLE ASSETS
0898 884 329

I ALWAYS NEED
ATTENTION
0898 900 513

**I LOVE
TO DO
IT
ALONE!!!
0898
884
320**

CREAM IN MY MOUTH 0898 884 327

RAUNCHY
SEX
SOUNDS
0898 884 317

I'LL FONDLE
YOUR
STIFF ROD
0898 884 323

MY MOUTH
IS
FULL!!!
0898 884 322

SUCK MY LACY PANTIES
0898 884 200

MASTURBATION SPECIAL
0898 884 205

PULL ON YOUR PUDDING
0898 884 206

TUG ON MY TITTIES
0898 884 210

DREAM OVER THE SHEETS
0898 884 208

CROSS DRESS FOR SEX
0898 884 214

I'M
EXHIBITING
MYSELF
0898
777 816

PHONE A GROAN
0898 777 820

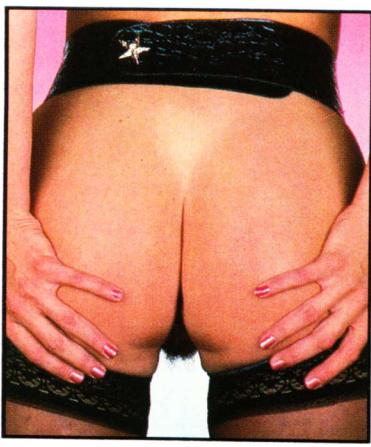
FRUSTRATED
HOUSEWIFE
0898
777 817

MY
DIRTY
STICKY
BITS!!!
0898
900
500

I'LL
UNLOAD
YOUR LOT
0898
900 507

ALL GIRL STRAP ON
PARTY 0898 777 821

DRESS FOR
DISCIPLINE
0898
777 823



CLASSIFIEDS

*Women watch each other
masturbate* 0898 900 502

*I'll tell you what I'm doing
over the phone* 0898 900 512

*Shaven minge growing
back stubbly & sharp* 0898 777 815

*Let me know your fetish
& we will act it out* 0898 777 824

*My tongue will make you
tingle* 0898 777 827

*Mature lady in a girdle - if
your into older women* 0898 884 204

*I've done it all - totally
experienced* 0898 884 211

*Pull my panties to one
side & poke me* 0898 884 328

*I'm always ready for
business* 0898 884 318

*I'm on all fours - do the
bizz* 0898 884 212

Dirty nympho's friday night
0898 884 213

Shaven bald & ready to climax
0898 884 315

Lusty red head in wet latex
0898 884 324

I'm on my knees begging for it
0898 884 325

Let me fondle your horny
bulge 0898 900 508

Transvestite will tell you tales
0898 900 514

One large willy in my mouth
0898 777 825

Naughty knickers & red high
heels 0898 777 828

Dial me and do it between
them 0898 777 829

Don't just sit there - call me
0898 777 818

My bottom for your pleasure
0898 900 509

Be firm with me - master
0898 900 503

D D. PO BOX 649, LONDON, EC1V 5JU.
CALLS 36p/MIN. CHEAP. 48p/MIN.
OTHER TIMES. PRG:18/25/A

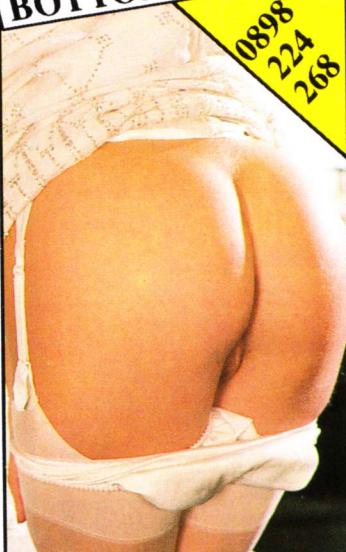
**PART MY MOIST
LIPS 0898 884 316**

**RAM IT IN MY
MOUTH 0898 884 207**



PHONE SEX PHONE SEX PHONE SEX PHONE SEX PHONE SEX

BOTTOMS!!



0898
224
268

NAUGHTY housewife does it with the boss! 0898 224 250
DIVORCEE is desperate - she'll have anyone! 0898 224 256

VOYEURS welcome - cum watch the newly weds 0898 224 259

STRICT MADAM cracks the whip - can you handle it 0898 224 265

MY SISTER'S knickers - you can wear them 0898 224 270

I'M BEAUTIFUL, but I have a secret - I'm really a man! 0898 224 275

HAIRY CHEST, padded bra & a big hairy bulge 0898 224 279

PUT IT between my breasts & give me a pearl necklace 0898 224 286

HOT SWEATY KNICKERS, feel between my legs 0898 224 290

I DOMINATE the office junior, he begs for it 0898 224 291



MARRIED wife wants a threesome 0898 224 258

BUSINESS MAN likes to wear stockings 0898 224 273

DESPERATE, married lady wants filling 0898 224 283

I'LL JERK you off 0898 886 436

WICKED wives tales 0898 886 447

BOARDROOM bonk 0898 886 449

MY toy fun 0898 886 442

CROSS DRESS FOR SEX
0898 224 276

SALTY LIQUID SEX
0898 224 287

PINK & pretty 0898 886 439
T.V. Tales 0898 886 444
3 girls together 0898 886 451
DEEP throat 0898 886 437



FANTASY IN FISHNET
0898 777 804

HORNY

sex!!

SALLY & ANNIE GO DOWN ON EACH OTHER 0898 777 802

I'LL STRIP FOR YOU SLOWLY 0898 777 808

THE BOSS MAKES ME BEG!! 0898 777 801

VIBRATOR VICKY DOES IT ALONE! 0898 224 293

RUBBERED UP 0898 886 454



FISHY WOMEN 0898 886 432

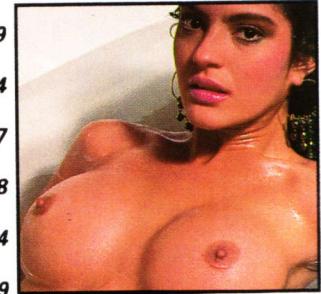
*I'LL TICKLE your tip!! 0898 777 806
*FLAT chested female 0898 777 810
*BETWEEN my legs 0898 777 812
*FANNY THE FLASHER 0898 886 438
*ME & my roaming razor 0898 886 445
*WHO wants me tonight? 0898 777 813
*NYMPHO does it 0898 777 811
*TINY TITS, large dishes 0898 886 440
*FINGERING 0898 886 433
*THICK LIPS, my fingers 0898 886 450
*HOT ROD in my gob! 0898 886 452
*SPREAD them & get in 0898 886 443
*I CAN'T get enough 0898 886 441

LESBIANS FIRST TIME
0898 224 296

SLIP INTO SLICK LIPS
0898 224 280

RUDE DIRTY SEX NOISES
0898 224 284

MY BODY'S ALL YOURS
0898 777 803



SUCKING SISTERS
0898 224 282

SHEER BODY STOCKING SO YOU CAN SEE ALL
0898 777 800

MILK MY BREASTY DUMPLINGS
0898 224 289

SATISFY MY HOT LUST, LONELY & HORNY
0898 224 254

MALE BRIDE
0898 224 271

TUG ON IT
0898 886 435

I'LL TEASE WHILE YOU'RE TIED! 0898 224 269
T.V. TART IN RED 0898 224 274
STILLETOES 0898 224 277
BITCH BRENDA 0898 224 277
THE SHE-MAN 0898 224 278
LET ME WATCH YOU MASTURBATE 0898 224 278
PANTIES AROUND MY ANKLES 0898 224 294
FILL MY FLAPPING FANNY 0898 224 299

ON MY KNESS for dick - the director 0898 886 431

WANKING WIFE talks dirty while she does it 0898 886 453

PAINTED lips, hairy moustache 0898 777 814

I'LL DO IT while you watch 0898 224 281

DAME DYKE commands you frig her 0898 224 292

HORNY noises for erotic pleasure 0898 224 295

I NEED a big fella for naughty nights 0898 224 298

JERK over the phone with me 0898 224 297

PERSONAL SEX chat just for you 0898 224 285

G-STRING, sun tanned bottom 0898 224 288

I'LL RUB YOU TO CLIMAX
0898 777 805

DEEP IN MY THROAT
0898 777 807

STOCKINGS & SUSPENDERS
0898 777 809

Horny 18yr old talks filthy 0338 405 512

HEAR ME MASTURBATE 0338 405 565

I LOVE IT
DOGGYSTYLE
0338 405 505

ORAL SEX
Unload in my mouth
0338 405 501

Anita 18 strips
Tracy 19 naked
0338 405 515

Filthy dirty
sordid lesbian SEX
0338 405 578

EROTIC
TELEPHONE
HANDJOB
0338
405 547

**UNCENSORED
SPUNKY ORGASMIC
SEX CONFESSIONS
0338 405 555**

lick my shaven pussy
0338 405 532

secretary needs shagging
0338 405 582

direct sex contacts
0338 405 509

spank my fat arse
0338 405 506

lesbian spanking special
0338 405 504

Unzip & get it out
0338 405 563

I'll strip - you masturbate
0338 405 579

older woman gives head
0338 405 537

I'll masturbate you to climax
0338 405 524

wife will w**k you
0338 405 508

after 2 explicit lesbians
0338 400 160

after 12.00
Oral spurt club
0338 400 130

**HUBBY WATCHES
WIFE TAKEN BY 2 GUYS
0338 405 503**

CALLS CHARGED PER MINUTE 36P CHEAP RATE 48P ALL OTHER TIMES OYSTERPALM LTD PO BOX 4LY LONDON W1

**CALLERS
EXPLICIT
SEX
CONFESSIONS
0338 400
851**

**MY FANNY
ON YOUR
FACE
0338 400
783**

**Debee Ashby
gives handjob
0338 400 932**

**LESBIAN
HOUSEWIVES
ORGY 0338
400 811**

**GET IT
OUT -
BIG BOY
0338 400
794**

hear me masturbate myself 0338 400 690

**MY WIFE (25)
TONGUED
MY SISTER (18)
0338 400
870**

**PART MY
BUTTOCKS
& INSERT
0338 400
676**

**SECRETARY
(20) SUCKS
NURSE (25)
0338 400
761**

big boobed tit Wk 0338 400 773**

**Do it to me doggystyle
0338 400 768**

**AFTER 12
STIFF DICK
SPECIAL
0338 400 826**

**AFTER 2
MOIST
PUSSY
ACTION
0338
400
821**

Let's
masturbate together
0338 400 762

Spank my bare arse 0338 400 730

**Suck my
nipples
0338 400
807**

**2 GIRLS
1 DILDO =
ORGASM
0338 400
797**

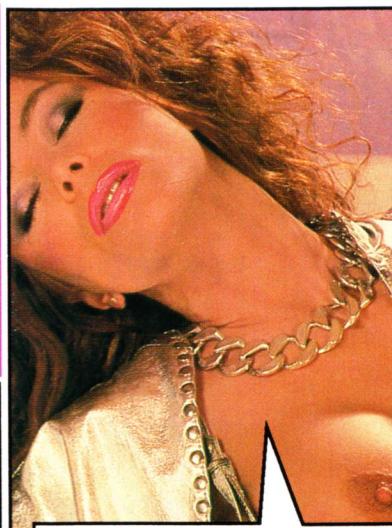
**Lesbian pussy action
0338 400 892**

ORAL SEX - SPURT IN MY MOUTH 0338 400 999

CALLS CHARGED 36P PER MINUTE CHEAP RATE 48P AT ALL OTHER TIMES BESTRICH LTD PO BOX 1073 LONDON W2

* FOR REALLY HOT JUICY SUCKING JUST CALL
 * 884 884 307

OVER THE DESK 0898 884 301
 RUB OIL INTO MY BOSOMS 0898 884 629
 LATE NIGHT STRIP TEASE SPECIAL 0898 777 916
 MEGA JUGS 0898 777 889
 MY WIFE NEEDS A GOOD SCREW 0898 777 877
 I'LL RUB YOU UP & DOWN SLOWLY 0898 884 705
 PUMP ME HARD 0898 884 711



MY NAUGHTY NEGLIGEE 0898 884 300
 STOCKINGS & STILLETOES 0898 884 309
 XXX LESBIAN SP*NK LINE 0898 884 702
 FINGERING IN MY PANTIES 0898 884 703
 GET IN MY SILK KNICKERS 0898 884 704
 I'LL MASTURBATE YOU 0898 884 705
 FEEL MY AMPLE ASSETS 0898 884 710

STUBBLY SHAVEN PUSSY 0898 777 875
 A FLASH OF PINK BITS 0898 777 876
 BONKED WHILE FAXING 0898 777 879
 TODGER LICKER 0898 777 882
 DRIBBLING CREAM 0898 777 885
 WOBBLY CLEAVAGE 0898 777 886
 CROTCHLESS AND COOL 0898 777 888
 TONGUE JOB 0898 777 887

MY BOSS WEARS MY G-STRING
 0898 884 314

DAMP PANTIES HOT LIPS 0898 884 700

I'LL MAKE YOU CLIMAX 0898 884 305

SPREAD OPEN & READY 0898 777 878

WILD & WET HORNY SEX!!!

PUMP INTO MY HONEY POT 0898 777 915

UNFAITHFUL CONFESSIONS 0898 777 917

I'LL GO ALL THE WAY 0898 777 918

I LOVE IT UP MY A***! 0898 777 928

SUCK ON MY JUICY TITS 0898 777 929

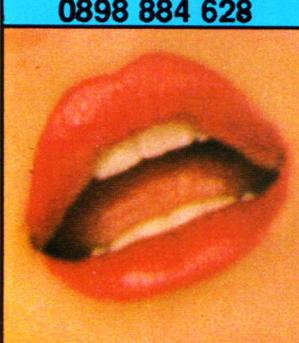
SHAVE ME THEN BONK ME!!! 0898 884 615

MY WIFE'S HANDS EXCITE 0898 884 617

I'LL DO IT WHILE YOU WATCH 0898 884 616

I'LL TONGUE YOUR TIP 0898 884 622

CREAM DOWN MY STOCKINGS 0898 884 628



SEXY IN SILK 0898 884 304

ME & MY DIRTY BOOBYS 0898 884 303



PERSONAL RELIEF

I JUST love to frig myself off over the phone 0898 777 920

THIGH HIGH BOOTS, uniform & very dominant 0898 777 924

SHE sniffed around my snatch 0898 777 921

I'M RAMPANT & randy call me now 0898 884 618

THE office coffee lady likes it the hard way 0898 884 619

7 INCH vibro, hear it purr inside me on 0898 884 620

LADY LATEX gets you on all fours & rides you 0898 884 624

LESBIANS first time - hear it on 0898 884 302

I WANT YOU to spurt in my hand 0898 884 306

RUB it between my gorgeous melons 0898 884 310

HAVE the dirtiest time of your life on 0898 884 312

BENT over so you can have a peek 0898 884 708

LESBIAN lickers love it 0898 777 881

OILED up nympho needs talking off 0898 884 713

LETS put our masks on & get at it 0898 777 884

DIRTY BUM taken over the desk 0898 777 919

SEX talk for your boob fetish 0898 777 926

MY WIFE loves a good spanking 0898 884 623

DD BRA BUSTERS need nuzzling in 0898 884 626

LIICK my pussy's pouting lips 0898 884 627

TAKE my clothes off 0898 884 308

A BIT of fanny in the office 0898 884 701

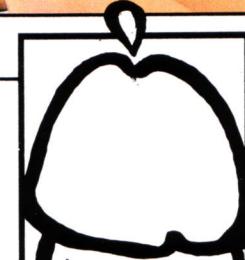
SATISFY me from behind 0898 884 709

THE sounds of hard self sex 0898 884 712

T.V. talks dirty for you 0898 884 714

FROLICING with my fingers 0898 777 880

SPOUSE wants w*nking 0898 777 883



GIRLS

SUCK YOU!!!
 0898 777 923

OPEN my legs & get between them 0898 884 625

I'LL SPREAD YOUR LEGS & LIICK YOUR BALL BAGS!!!
 0898 777 925

2 GIRLS SUCKING ACTION
 0898 884 621

I'LL TEASE YOUR SHAFT AROUND MY LIPS!!!
 0898 777 927



GET stuck right into me 0898 884 313

STUFF

ME WITH YOUR MEATBONE 0898 884 311

TEACH

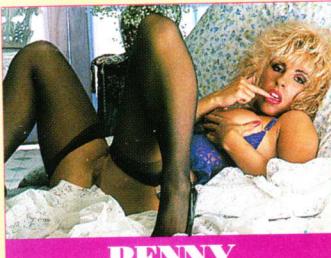
THIS OLDER LADY ORAL - SHE'S NEVER DONE IT!
 0898 777 922

UNZIP & I'LL GO DOWN SLOWLY 0898 884 707

D.D. PO BOX 649, LONDON, EC1V 9UU.
 CALLS 36p/MIN CHEAP. 48p/MIN.
 OTHER TIMES PRG 19/A

**JULIE**

ORAL SEX - 'I'LL SWALLOW IT'
0898 204 217

**PENNY**

'EASE IT UP ME - PLEASE'
0898 77 11 83

**NANCY**

STRIP ME THEN XXX ME
0898 77 11 84

**KATE**

PLEASE LICK MY PUSSY
0898 204 216

**FANNY**

EX-NURSE WILL SUCK YOU OFF
0898 77 11 29

Britain's

RUDEST PHONELINE TOP 20

READERS HORNY SEX CONFESSIONS

*Live recordings of explicit sex acts and
Fantasies sent in by our readers.*

0898 204 215

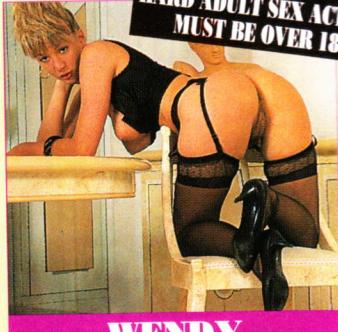
- 1 SHE SUCKS TWO MEN
Cindy (London) 0898 456 646
- 2 FINGER MY FANNY
Sue (Maidenhead) 0898 77 11 37
- 3 POKE ME FROM BEHIND
Linda (Rochdale) 0898 77 11 82
- 4 HUSBAND WATCHES WIFE TAKEN BY 2 FRIENDS
Lucy (Cardiff) 0898 77 11 41
- 5 DOGGY STYLE PUMPING ACTION
Debby (Leeds) 0898 77 11 02
- 6 CUM BETWEEN MY TITS
Tina (London) 0898 77 11 43
- 7 TWO WET PUSSIES FOR STEVE
Jill (Norwich) 0898 77 11 44
- 8 RUDE GIRL LOVES FIRM HAND
Janey (Manchester) 0898 77 11 05
- 9 SHAVE ME THEN FILL ME - PLEASE
June (Droitwich) 0898 77 11 06
- 10 WIFE SUCKS NEIGHBOUR
Tina (Sheffield) 0898 77 11 47
- 11 18 YEAR OLD BUSTY BLONDE MASTURBATES
Brenda (Woking) 0898 77 11 51
- 12 YOUR TONGUE IN MY BUSH
Tricia (Brighton) 0898 77 11 52
- 13 HE WEARS HER SEE THRU PANTIES - SHE PLAYS WITH HIM
Liz (Belfast) 0898 77 11 70
- 14 18 YEAR OLD'S FIRST ORGASM
Helen (Newcastle) 0898 77 11 13
- 15 RUDE EXPLICIT WIFE SWAP
Betty & Jim (Gloucester) 0898 77 11 55
- 16 I NEED BIG MEN TO SATISFY ME
Joannie (Huddersfield) 0898 77 11 15
- 17 HE LICKS WIFE WHILE HER FRIEND SUCKS HIM
(Edinburgh) 0898 77 11 57
- 18 FANNY'S FILTHY FRIENDS
(Maidenhead) 0898 77 11 58
- 19 BETWEEN MY PARTED CHEEKS
Sarah (London) 0898 77 11 18
- 20 ORAL SEX - CUM IN MY MOUTH
Lisa (Birmingham) 0898 77 11 24

AFTER 9.00 pm - ORAL & ENTRY 0898 204 218

AFTER 12.00 am - ORGY & PENETRATION 0898 204 219

AFTER 2.00 am - UNCENSORED IMPORTS 0898 204 220

WARNING:
HARD ADULT SEX ACTION
MUST BE OVER 18

**WENDY**

I'M WET, YOU'RE STIFF - CALL ME
0898 77 11 97

**LUCY**

OLDER WOMAN WANTS RUDE SEX
0898 77 11 36

**SINDY**

RIDING INSTRUCTRESS NEEDS RIDE
0898 77 11 38

**TAMMI**

BIG BREASTS, ANY POSITION
0898 77 11 39

**MANDY**

FILL MY WET PUSSY
0898 77 11 40

No. 1 Scratch & SNIFF!!

ENTERTAINMENT ONLY

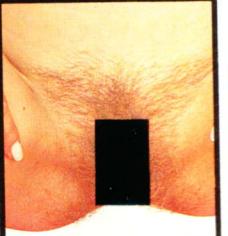
NEW EXPERIENCE



Spurt on my breasts
0898 777 910
Tender Titties
0338 402 206
Big Mama will smother you
0338 402 212
Tug on my titties
0898 884 610
Bulging from my basque
0338 402 207



I'll bend over the desk
0898 884 601
Do me doggy style
0338 402 226
Back door deires
0338 402 227
I'm bending over take me!
0338 402 222
I love it from behind!!!
0898 884 613
I love it up my b**
0898 777 908



Pump me hard into me!!
0898 777 913
Solo performance
0898 884 603
Frigged while filing
0338 402 213
Babe in beautiful silky undies
0338 402 211
My panties on your face!
0898 777 900

Fore Finger Fun!!

GO AROUND THE BACK WAY **0338 402 219**
PULL THEM TO ONE SIDE
0338 402 218

0338 402 203

PULLED AROUND MY ANKLES **0338 402 223**
ON MY KNEES IN FRONT OF YOU **0338 402 228**



I'LL TALK DIRTY TIL YOU SPURT!!
0338 402 200

PERSONAL ASSISTANT FOR PERSONAL PLEASURE
0338 402 220

D.D. ADVERTISING LONDON EC1V 8UU CALLS 15p/MIN. CHEAP 14c/min. OTHER TIMES 19p/min.

THE CLOSEST REAL SEX FEELING YOU'LL GET

CALL ME ON
0898 884 608



I'LL W*NK YOU OFF
0898 777 905
UNLOAD IN MY MOUTH
0898 777 907
I'M DRESSED TO THRI.I. YOU
0898 777 912
MY HUSBAND IN MY WEDDING DRESS
0898 777 914
BODY STOCKINGED BABE
0898 884 604
I'LL NIBBLE AROUND THE EDGE
0898 884 607
WHITE PANTIES, TANNED SKIN
0898 884 609
HE WEARS MY STOCKINGS
0898 884 614
MY BEAUTIFUL SEX TOY DOES IT GOOD
0338 402 208
BENT OVER THE FILING CABINET
0338 402 209
I'M CHOKING ON YOUR ROD!
0338 402 210
I LOVE ORAL SEX
0338 402 216
MARRIED TARTS TALK DIRTY
0338 402 217
VOYEURS LINE - DIAL FOR DIRTY DEVIATIONS
0338 402 225
LOLA LAP'S IT UP
0338 402 229

TWO GIRL DILDO
0898 884 602
0338 402 214

CROTCHLESS BLACK PANTIES
0898 884 600



OUR GIRLS CAN'T GET ENOUGH - THEIR AVAILABLE GIVE THEM A CALL
0898 884 611

LEZ DREAMS 0338 402 201

CAUGHT IN THE ACT OF MASTURBATION
0898 777 903
DIRTY UNDIES
0898 777 904
LINE
PULL TO ONE SIDE & DO ME
0898 777 909
5 KNUCKLE SHUFFLE
0898 777 906
I'LL TALK YOU OFF OVER THE PHONE
0898 884 605

MY HOT MOUTH WILL SATISFY
0338 402 202
THE MOANS & GROANS OF HARD SEX
0338 402 205
HORNY XXX SEX NOISES
0338 402 215
STREETCORNER LESBIANS
0338 402 221
NAUGHTY WIVES GIVE DIRTY PHONE CALLS
0338 402 224
2 GIRLS FINGER ONE ANOTHER
0898 777 902

Do it while...

HEAR ME DO IT **0338 402 994**
LET'S W**K TOGETHER **0338 402 993**
MY VIBRATOR'S UP ME **0338 404 790**
W**K MY WIFE **0338 402 996**
MY HAND WILL EXCITE **0338 40 30 84**
TEENAGE LESBIAN SEX **0338 40 30 96**

ORAL SEX-
Come in my mouth
0338 404 794

UNCENSORED
Orgasmic
Listeners
**0338 402
992**

WIFE
OPEN LEGS
STIFF
NIPPLES
**0338 403
094**

Do it to
me doggystyle
0338 40 30 95

FINGER MY SHAVEN PUSSY **0338 40 30 97**
FILTHY DIRTY SEX CONFESSIONS **0338 40 30 99**
UNZIP AND SHOW ME YOURS **0338 40 30 92**
JANE & MARIES DILDO ORGY **0338 404 787**
SPANNED RAW SHAFTED SORE **0338 402 999**
AFTER 12 DIRTY FILTHY SEX **0338 40 30 83**

I'LL STRIP YOU SPANK
0338 40 30 91

0338 404 792

... my hubby watches

Calls Charged Per Minute 36p Cheap Rate 48p At All Other Times Franstar Ltd PO Box 2DH London W1A 2DH



PUT IT IN MY MOUTH
0338 402 791
BEND ME OVER THE DESK
0338 402 596
SHAVE ME THEN XXXX ME
0338 402 697
SECRETARY NEEDS SPANNING
0338 402 450
SISTER WILL SUCK YOU OFF
0338 402 452
1 WIFE 2 GUYS = SEX
0338 402 695
UNFAITHFUL HOUSEWIVES
0338 402 594
FINGERED TO ORGASM
0338 402 792
AFTER 9 - BIG BOYS SPECIAL
0338 402 769

**MASTURBATE
WITH ME** **0338
402
794**

ORAL SEX **I'LL SUCK
YOURS DRY**
0338 402 431

I'LL SUCK YOU TO CLIMAX
0338 402 779

I'LL TALK FILTHY YOU W**K
0338 402 451

GIRLS WHO SUCK 2 GUYS
0338 402 598

JILL & KATE SHAVEN LESBIANS
0338 402 699

SPURT IN MY FACE - BIG BOY
0338 402 456

100% GENUINE
Lesbian Nurses Orgy

ADULT
XXX
RATED

COME
OVER
MY BUM
**0338
402
761**

BLONDE 18YR OLD NEEDS SHAVING **0338 402 439**

Calls charged at 36p per min cheap rate 48p at all other times Northglow Ltd PO box 16 RG11 7DZ

RELIEF LINE

I'LL TALK DIRTY WHILE YOU DO IT!

0898 442 183

LIVE DIAL
Introductory Offer. Lines Open 24 Hours
YOU ONLY PAY FOR THE COST OF THE CALL. NO CREDIT CARDS.

LIVE 0272 227721

DIAL AN ORGASM

0898 442 002

Our girls (or gays) will talk you through to orgasm in a special way.
Have a bar of soap and a cup of warm water ready, also a rolled up newspaper with a wet end and tissues.



WHY BOTHER?

To listen to a recording of some bird reading a script when you can really get off by listening in to live sex chats. We recorded the hottest. So listen...

Nympho talking to XXXX
Older Woman
19 Year Old & 20 Year Old
Two Girl Special
Lesbian Talking to Lesbian
Gay talking to Gay
Heavy Girl talking to Wimp
TV Talking to Older Woman
General Listening Line

0898 442 742
0898 362 574
0898 362 581
0898 442 777
0898 442 760
0898 442 198
0898 442 187
0898 442 751
0898 442 756

GIRLS AVAILABLE NOW

Call now and one of our sexy girls will talk to you live



0898 442 775

STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL



Sex phone girls who do sex talk for pleasure

0898 362 569

DO IT TO ME OVER THE PHONE



Home made recordings and live sex talk, where you can listen in. Many kinky specials and you can join the club if you want.

Playing By Myself	0898 442 191
Big Bang Line	0898 442 190
I'll Get It Out	0898 442 184
Horny College Girls	0898 442 740
Sucking Girls	0898 442 774
Blonde 20 Year Old	0898 442 752
With My Neighbour	0898 442 189
Three In A Bed	0898 442 772

LISTEN IN

to sex conversations (you do not have to speak if you don't want to) three line system

DIAL 0898 THEN THE NO.s

GAY TALKING TO GAY

442 186

LESBIAN TALKING TO LESBIAN

442 746

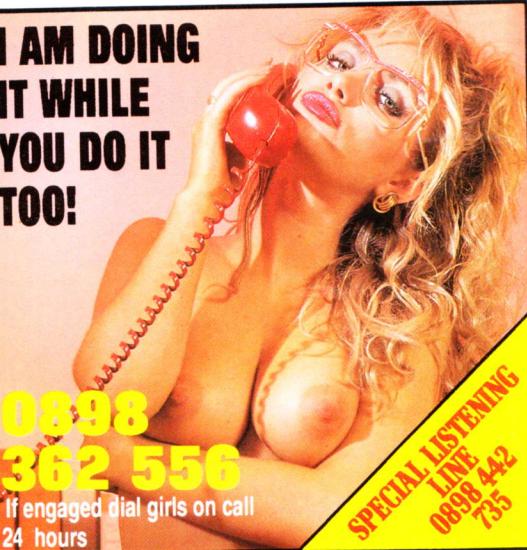
BUTCH GIRL TALKING TO WIMP

442 759

GENERAL SEX LINE

442 741

I AM DOING IT WHILE YOU DO IT TOO!



SPECIAL LISTENING LINE
0898 442 735

24 HOUR GAY TALK

JUST LISTEN IN

0898 442 748

DIRTY TALK

MATURE WOMEN ARE WAITING FOR YOU TO CALL,
NO FEES CONTACT THEM ON 0898 362 575

XXX CLIMAX

Let's Come Together	0898 442 182
Inside My Panties	0898 362 579
I'll Lick You All Over	0898 442 745
Let Me Suck You Dry	0898 442 754
Take Me From Behind	0898 442 188
Come Over My Boobs	0898 362 557
Short Skirt,	
No Knickers	0898 442 185
My Hand Gives Relief	0898 442 770

LISTEN IN TO SEX TALK

Why listen to some bird reading when you can listen in to genuine sex talk from sex talk lines!

REAL HARD TALKERS

0898 442 012

LESBIAN LINES

0898 442 013

DOMINATION

0898 442 014

CUM ALL OVER ME!

0898 300 850



Genuine Hard Sex Talk
by Girls who do it for
pleasure only.
- No Credit Cards.

or just listen on
0898 442 015

GOBBLE SPECIAL 0898 442 717

(Recorded live on the job!)

SEX TALK AND LISTEN

HERE ME SHAVE

0898 362 671



DOGGY TALK

0898 362 694

TELEPHONE BLOW JOB

0898 442 711

LISTEN TO SEX SCREAM

0898 362 550

2 GIRLS FIGHT FOR 1 DILDO

0898 442 017

INSIDE MY PANTIES

0898 442 018

TRY A ROUGH & HARD RIDE GO

0898 442 019

DO WHAT YOU LIKE TO ME

0898 442 020

SPECIAL

MEET THE SEX TALK GIRLS AT YOUR PLACE!

0898 442 170 &

0898 700 306

WHAT THEY DO

I TALK
DIRTY WHILE
YOU DO IT
0898 442 016



ALSO:
18 year old
0898 100 401
Older Woman
0898 100 402
Domination Talk
0898 100 412
Meet Us!
0898 100 451



DOMINATE ME, DO
ME ANYTHING NOW
0898 442 779

SPECIALS

DIRTY NOISES 0898 100 452

SEX YELLS 0898 100 454

HARD SHAVE 0898 100 455

YARD DOG 0898 100 472

RIP OFF
MY
CLOTHES

CALLS CHARGED AT 36p PER MINUTE CHEAP RATE & 48p PER MINUTE
AT ALL OTHER TIMES. STG., P.O. BOX 242, LONDON SW15 2RJ.

FREE
OUR ONE HOUR
SEX VIDEO
0898 442 737 [24HRS] TO ORDER

The girls will ask you for a reference No. Quote the Reference ADXX

WHY CAN WE GIVE YOU A FREE VIDEO ??

1. OUR FILMS ARE SO GOOD WE KNOW YOU WILL ORDER MORE.
2. IT IS COPYRIGHT FREE SO YOU ARE ALLOWED TO MAKE COPIES TO SELL TO THE PUBS & CLUBS. (WHICH IS MORE ADVERTISING FOR US THANKS)
3. THE VIDEO IS 25% ADVERTISING FOR ADULT GOODS & YOU ARE BOUND TO WANT TO BUY SOMETHING.
4. A GLOSSY CATALOGUE COSTS AS MUCH TO PRINT AS RUNNING OFF COPIES OF OUR ADULT PROMOTION VIDEO'S - so we aren't giving much away are we?
5. BY DIALLING AN 0898 No THE GIRLS CAN TALK DIRTY IF YOU WANT.

IF YOU DON'T LIKE THE THING - KEEP IT AS A BLANK FOR YOURSELF AND FORGET IT!

NOTE : You must order by phone so we can tell from your voice that you are over 18. We are not taking risks by sending these out on a coupon.

* NOTE - You do have to pay the call charges charged

ADULT PROMOTIONS, P.O. BOX 242, LONDON SW15 2RJ Calls cost 36p per min cheap rate and 48p per min at all other times



18-22 YR OLD GIRLS

Teach Me Please (19)

0898 442 091

18 and Randy

0898 442 120

Let Me Stroke It! (18)

0898 442 141

College Girls (18-22)

0898 442 199

Young and Sticky (19)

0898 442 092



SEX NOISES

WE GOT THEM TO DO
THE BUSINESS AND GOT
THE MICROPHONE IN
VERY CLOSE

2 Lesbians / 1 Dildo 0898 442 093

2 Gays / 1 Bar of Soap 0898 442 181

Young Girl / Older Man 0898 442 144

SEXUAL NOISES 0898 442 160

Straight Masturbation 0898 442 121

WE MADE
THEM LIVE



SEX LINES AND SEX TALK

SEX DATES TONIGHT !

JUST A SAMPLE OF OUR
SEX DAY GIRLS

LONDON - Mary likes it doggy
fashion - 0898 442 195

SCOT - Judy sucks you dry
anytime - 0898 442 139

N.E. Sarah licks you all over and
sits on your face - 0898 442 094

S.E. Pat is into T.V. dressing
Bizzare - 0898 700 302

S.W. Lesley likes it hard and rough -
0898 700 350

ALL CALLERS CAN
ACCESS OUR GIRLS ON
A FIND A SEX CONTACT
PERMUTATION IN YOUR
AREA SO DIAL NOW!



I'LL HOLD YOUR BALLS 0898 300 852 & I'LL SUCK THEM 0898 300 849

SEX CONTACTS 0225 751030

NOTE 0225 IS STANDARD RATE NOT 0898

IMMEDIATE SERVICE

LISTEN IN TO SEX CHATTERS !

STRICTLY
ADULT

WE TAPE RECORD HARD
CORE SEX CHAT LINES
SO YOU CAN HEAR THEM !

STRAIGHT SEX 0898 300 848

LESBIAN LINES 0898 700 385

GAY LINES 0898 300 846

DOMINATION 0898 700 386

SUBMISSION 0898 300 841

BIZZARE 0898 700 394



WE DIDN'T Know they were doing it
and we do not care anyway!!

BOTTOM FETISHES

RUDE FETISH !

0898 700 395

PERFECT PERT REAR

0898 300 842

MY BIG BUM !

0898 300 844

BETWEEN MY CHEEKS

0898 300 845

BOOBS

SQUEEZE THEM FOR ME!

0898 442 085

READY TO BE LICKED

0898 442 086

COME BETWEEN MY TITS

0898 442 087

DIAL &
SEE !!



CALLS CHARGED AT 36p PER MINUTE CHEAP RATE & 48p PER MINUTE AT ALL OTHER TIMES.
S.T.G.P.O. BOX 242 LONDON SW15 2RJ

THE NATIONAL SEX HOT BOX

NO ADVERTS NO PRE WARNINGS ... JUST HARD / LIVE SEX ACTION

LISTEN IN TO
GAY SEX CHATS

0898 442 397



NYMPHO LESBIANS
DOING IT LIVE
0898 442 840

0898 442 895

LISTEN TO ME COME AS I
SHAVE MYSELF

CUM ALL OVER MY TITS !!
0898 442 533

ORAL GOBBLING
CHAMPIONSHIP
RECORDING

0898 442 534



SPECIALIST SEX TALK
(ORAL GOBBLING DONE LIVE)

USED PANTIES
(YOU CAN EVEN BUY THEM)

0898 442 884

SEX TALK
I will be your SEX SLAVE

0898 442 819



RIP OFF MY PANTIES & DO ME



DOGGY FASHION SEX TALK

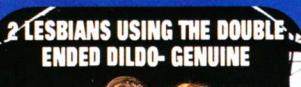


TWO GIRLS
TWO TONGUES

0898 442 544

SEX DATE
IMMEDIATE COMPUTER SEARCH
NOW

0898 442 398



LESBIANS USING THE DOUBLE
ENDED DILDO- GENUINE



COMPUTERISED
SEX MACHINE
TO MAKE YOU CUM
IN TWO MINUTES



SEX TALK PUSSY POKERS

0898 442 845

EXTREME SEX
ALL FANTASIES
EXPLOITED

0898 442 414

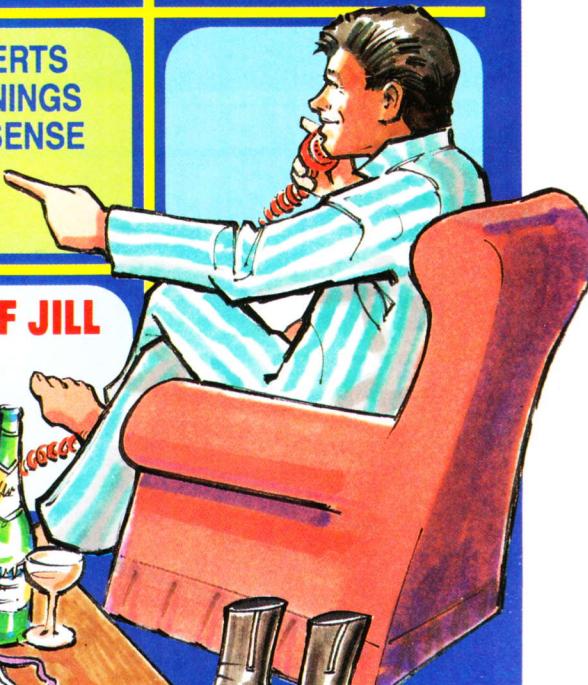
FREE SEX
VIDEO

(DELIVERY 14 DAYS)

DIAL 0898 442 896
TO ORDER

NO ADVERTS
NO WARNINGS
NO NONSENSE

ALL HARD
ACTION



FREE
SEX CHAT
LIVE ONE TO ONE

081 871 2181

I DO IT LIVE WHILE YOU
LISTEN & CUM

0898 442 891

JACK- OFF JILL
HAVE A BAR OF
SOAP READY

DIAL 0898
442 893



0272 226044

I'LL TAKE IT ALL IN MY MOUTH 0898 442 897

DIRTY HOUSEWIVES SOUNDS 0898 442 887

TWO GIRL SEX WITH TOYS! 0898 442 449

I CAN TAKE IT ALL UP ME 0898 442 413

PERSONAL EXPERIENCES 0898 442 876

"FREE" All free products mean you do
pay the 0898 charges

LIVE OR
RECORDED
LIVE

When you dial you just activate the file number, live lines and European Specials

SEX PHONE CLASSIFIEDS

CLASSIFIED CLUB

Home made recordings and live sex talk, where you can listen in. Many kinky specials and you can join the club if you want.

Feeling Very Horny	0898 100 432 (E)
Randy Girls Talk	0898 100 432 (C)
Very Experienced At 50	0898 300 816 (B)
My Mouth Is Ready	0898 100 487 (A)
Oral Pleasure	0898 300 819 (D)
In My Mouth	0898 100 487 (E)
All The Way	0898 700 357 (B)
My Tongue Around It	0898 700 358 (C)
I'll Swallow It	0898 300 817 (B)
Girlie Oral Action	0898 700 357 (E)
Games And Special Toys	0898 300 814 (B)
Shower Lust	0898 300 813 (C)
Sixty-Nine Girls	0898 700 354 (E)
Sexual Fantasies	0898 700 357 (A)
Down On Each Other	0898 100 447 (B)
I'll Do It Till Satisfied	0898 700 357 (D)
On My Lap	0898 100 449 (A)
I'm Linda, I'm Naughty	0898 300 813 (B)
My Hand, Your Cheeks	0898 300 811 (E)
Bend Over, Take That	0898 700 358 (A)
My Bottom Is Bare	0898 300 817 (E)
My Black Stockings	0898 100 447 (C)
Silk Stockings & Suspenders	0898 100 487 (D)
Wet T-Shirt	0898 300 814 (A)
Bra Busting 42D	0898 300 817 (C)
You've Been Naughty	0898 300 818 (E)
Stocks & Bonds	0898 300 819 (B)
My Neighbour Joined In	0898 100 449 (D)

SEX FILE SPECIALS

Susan (18) 34-22-34. I'm looking for men aged 18-45 for afternoon fun and games, no fees, will travel, call 0898 300 816 (A)

Carrie (32) 36-24-36. I need men 18-60 to ease my sexual appetite – are you willing? Must be free afternoons/evenings.

Call 0898 300 816 (D)

Sammy (21) 35-22-35. Hi, I'll mouth off to you until you are completely satisfied. No fees, call 0898 300 813 (A)

Linda (2) 38-24-38. Frustrated housewife looking for action with all types of men. Not fussy, no fees, call 0898 300 818 (B)

Hi, I want to mouth off to you until you have gone all the way on 0898 700 387 (E)

Sarah (18) 36-24-36. Let's mouth off to each other on the phone and get really turned on. Call me for complete satisfaction on 0898 100 432 (D)

Tina and Gina doing their stuff live. Older woman, younger girl – you'll be hot when you hear the panting of our pleasure on 0898 700 355 (D)

Kay (18) 42-24-36. Big boobs, bubbly personality wants to meet you for afternoon fun and games. Let's have a wacking good time. Call 0898 700 368 (B)

Niki (24) 35-24-35. Hi, I want to talk dirty to you until you are completely satisfied, let me be your phone affair. No fees at all, call 0898 700 387 (C)

Hi would you like to meet me for afternoon fun and games? No fees, will travel, call 0898 300 813 (D)

Sexually experienced lady requires virile men to act out fantasies with. No fees, will travel, direct contact on 0898 700 358 (B)

Midlands Swedish full body massage. Nothing held back, complete pleasure guaranteed. Will travel, 0898 700 354 (C)

Nympho Blonde girl (18) gives complete satisfaction on (no fees) 0898 700 354 (B)

Would you like to meet me for afternoon fun and games? Call 0898 300 811 (A)

SEX CONTACTS (for entertainment only)

Ladies in your area that just love sex. When you dial we will give you an area code and just say yes to your area. The following girls and housewives are samples that may be available in your area. If the sex contact dialled is not in your area, you can either find her by using the general service or we can give out details of a different sex contact of similar age, looks and sexual preferences. It's as easy as that, so get dialling.

Gill (24) 35-24-34. Hi, I want to meet men (18-50) for sexual pleasures! I'll teach you all I know. No fees at all, will travel, call 0898 300 811 (D)

Carole (36) 33-20-34. Slim, petite and very frustrated. I would like to meet men of any age for mutually benefitting afternoons. No fees at all, call 0898 300 813 (E)

Joan (37) 44-29-36. Plump housewife looking for adult entertainment, discretion assured. No fees at all, just pleasure, call 0898 100 447 (D)

Virgin girl needs an old man to give her sexual experience. Will accept anyone. Will travel to you. Call me on 0898 700 357 (C)

Live lesbian show pre-recorded and only on this number 0898 700 368 (E)

Lesbian massage with every extra imaginable. Very naughty very blue XXX rated has own car call me on 0898 100 447 (A)

Lesbian action all girl party recorded for your wet dreams. Love lesbians love their sex, call us on 0898 300 814 (C)

Male model wants to meet gays for live raw acts – explicit sexual demands. No charge. Call me on 0898 700 367 (D)

Horny wife wants to be yours for the day. No time wasters and no fees. Will travel, call 0898 700 368 (A)

Hi, I'll talk dirty to you until you are completely satisfied on 0898 300 819 (C)

I would like to give you a good seeing to with my rod. Screaming delight on 0898 100 432 (B)

Janet (28) 34-22-34. Let me talk dirty on the phone to you one on one for hot action that will make you scream with pleasure. No relationship. No fees at all, call 0898 300 818 (D)

Miss Stern wants to teach you how to be obedient! No fees, just pleasure from the rod-o-nine. Call me on 0898 100 487 (B)

Broadminded couple seek man and woman for group action. Are you interested? Will travel, call us on 0898 300 818 (A)

LIVE SEX RECORDINGS

Treat Me Like A Tart 0898 100 465 (E)

My Hand Will Satisfy 0898 700 367 (C)

Video Vixens 0898 700 387 (A)

Dirty Talk 0898 700 367 (E)

Rubber Clad Girl 0898 700 354 (D)

I Watched My Neighbour 0898 700 354 (A)

Licking Girls 0898 700 367 (B)

Swedish Nymphos 0898 700 354 (E)

Into 'O' 0898 300 811 (C)

Dutch Dykes Together 0898 700 358 (D)

Hot Danish Girls 0898 100 487 (C)

Try The Filipino Way 0898 700 367 (A)

Let Me Slide It In 0898 700 358 (E)

Tart Talks Dirty 0898 700 355 (C)

Playing With My Vibrator 0898 100 449 (B)

Unzip Your Jeans 0898 100 447 (E)

HORNY TALK GIRLS

I'm Jenny And I'm Playing Alone With My Sex Toys 0898 300 816 (E)

My Name's Sue, Let My Mouth Take It All 0898 700 368 (D)

Ring Me And I'll Strip So You Can Take Me 0898 300 817 (A)

Carol And Jane, Two Lesbians Playing With Each Other 0898 300 811 (B)

Why Don't You Let Me Slide It In 0898 700 355 (E)

Let's Do Some Humping And Bumping 0898 700 355 (A)

I'm Diana And I'll Go Down On You 0898 700 368 (C)

Let's Have Some Spanking Pleasure for Both Of Us 0898 300 814 (D)

Randy Mandy Will Lick It And Suck It For You 0898 300 816 (C)

Join Us At A Hot Lesbian Party 0898 700 355 (B)

My Name's Alice And My Fingers Are In My Panties 0898 100 432 (A)

Ring Me, My Hot Pink Lips Are Ready For You 0898 100 465 (A)

Let Me Explain My First Lesbian Experience 0898 300 814 (E)

Ring Tina, I'm Bound To Please 0898 100 465 (D)

I'm Julie And 42D, So Why Don't You Play With Me 0898 100 449 (C)

JACK ALONG RECORDINGS

My First Time 0898 700 387 (D)

Climax With Me 0898 100 465 (C)

Take Me, I'm Ready 0898 300 819 (E)

Oral Satisfaction 0898 300 818 (C)

French Oral 0898 300 819 (A)

Busty Blonde Excites 0898 700 387 (B)

Across The Desk 0898 100 449 (E)

In The Study 0898 100 465 (B)

Whacko 0898 300 817 (D)



SEX GAMES

Using our voice activated sex file system you can play sex games over the phone. All recordings are genuine and all sex acts were actually recorded on our memory bank. What's more, our girls will get you doing some real dirty stuff as well as you doing it to them. So get dialling.

Oral Adventure

(Have a bar of soap and a cup of warm water ready when you play this one)

0898 300 859 (D)

Slime Your Way Through The Erotic Maze

(You just need your wits for this one)

0898 300 820 (B)

Strip And Bonk

(This one has an unusual ending – have a piece of large paper with you, you'll see why)

0898 300 820 (C)

Force Them To Do It

(A domination game special, you can either use a loud voice or do it by tapping the phone with any object)

0898 300 859 (E)

Submission In The Dark

(Just be ready to be told what to do)

0898 300 820 (A)

Filthy Talk

(Prepare yourself for some shocks, you have to get behind her first and when you've done it, she talks dirty (3 girl option) 0898 300 857 (C)

Strange Ways

XXX rated 'bizzare line' game (o.k. for gays and transvestites, if you lose on 'payola' you may hear or have to do some weird things)

0898 300 820 (E)

Nobble The Virgin

(Another bar of soap and cup of warm water special) 0898 300 859 (A)

Wipe Out

(Just get the XXX formula right and you have a choice of three girls to suck you dry) (You can bring in a gay if you want) 0898 300 859 (B)

Domination Game Special
(If possible wear gloves when you play.)

0898 300 859 (C)

Oral Antics

(Have a bar of soap and a cup of warm water ready, when you dial.) 0898 300 820 (D)

Tell The Lesbians What To Do

(The louder you shout the more they do it to each other.) 0898 300 867 (C)

Find The Nympho

(If you can't find her, you get done by a gay.)

0898 300 867 (A)

Strip Her, Then Have Her

(You choose your girl on a sex test first, you can even have a gay.) 0898 300 857 (D)

Strange Ways

(Slime your way through the erotic maze.)

0898 300 857 (A)

Three Way Wipe Out

(If you loose you either get sucked dry, submit to our leather girl or take on three gays.)

0898 300 857 (B)

Slime The Blonde

(Another bar of soap and a cup of warm water special.)

0898 300 867 (D)

Jump The Tart

(If you loose you get a dose and your vitals rot before your eyes.)

0898 300 867 (B)

Fireside Poker

(You have ten poker choices, if you choose the wrong one you have to poke yourself, our girls will tell you how.)

0898 300 857 (E)

THE INTERNATIONALLY FAMOUS

FESTIVAL OF EROTICA

TWICE NIGHTLY

Mon to Sat

8pm & 10pm

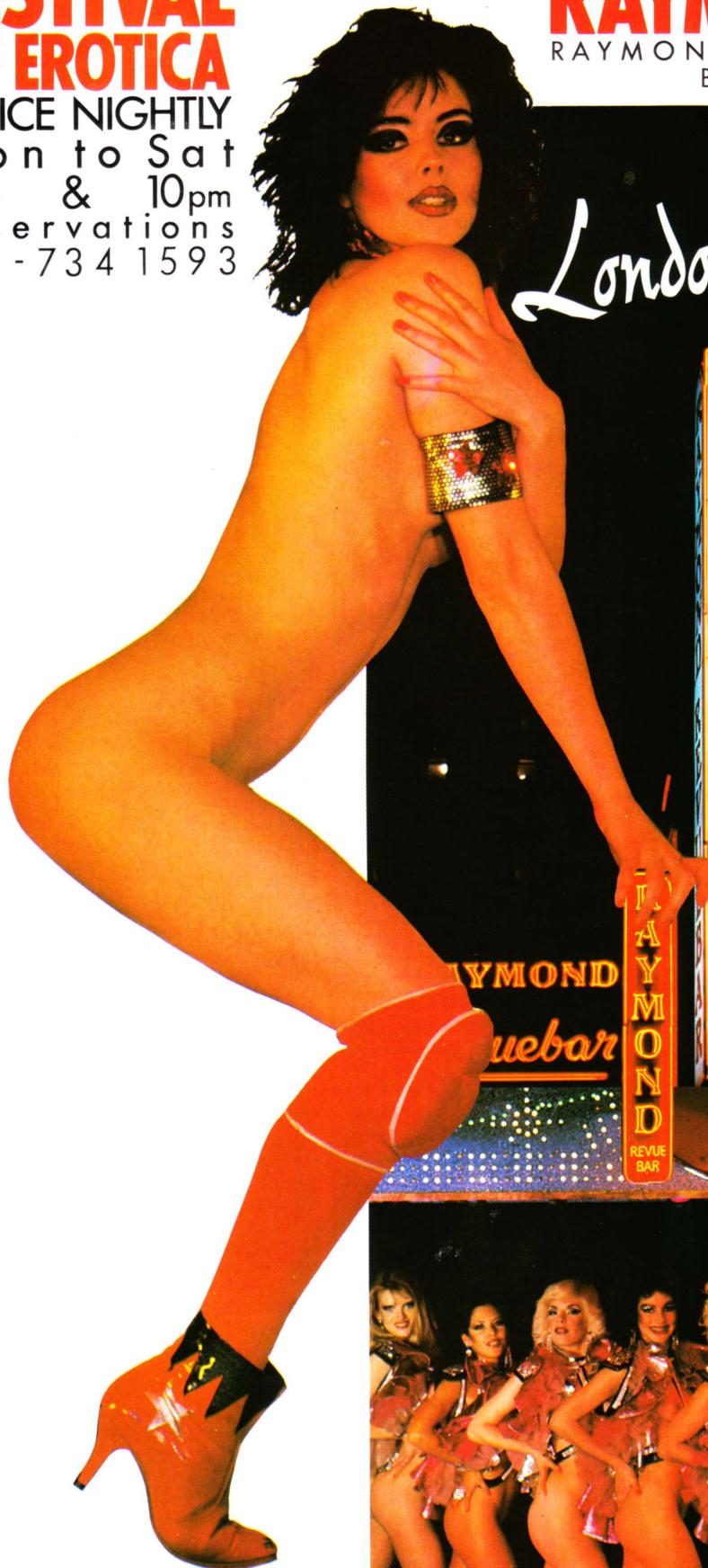
Reservations

071-734 1593

THE WORLD'S CENTRE OF EROTIC ENTERTAINMENT

RAYMOND REVUEBAR

RAYMOND REVUEBAR, WALKER'S COURT,
BREWER ST. LONDON W1



London's nightlife comes alive!



THE RAYMOND
REVUEBAR
34th
anniversary

SEX VIDEOS ?

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UK Dispatched
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1000 CC, AMSTERDAM, Holland.
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Name.....

Address.....

.....
(PRMO) Postage to Holland is 24p

**SPANK MY
PERT ARSE**
0338 412 417

**I'LL TOSS
YOU OFF**
0338 412 503

**Shaved Pussy
Held Lips**
0338 412 409

**2 Girls in
Ripped Knickers**
0338 412 501

HEAR ME MASTURBATE
0338 412 401

**I'll talk dirty
while you W**k**
0338 412 507

AUNTIE
needs shafting!
0338 412 509

**UNZIP AND
GET IT OUT**
0338 412 403

ORAL SEX - SPURT OVER ME 0338 412 415
HEAR JULIE MASTURBATE JANE 0338 412 411
After 12 Explicit Dildo Action 0338 412 560

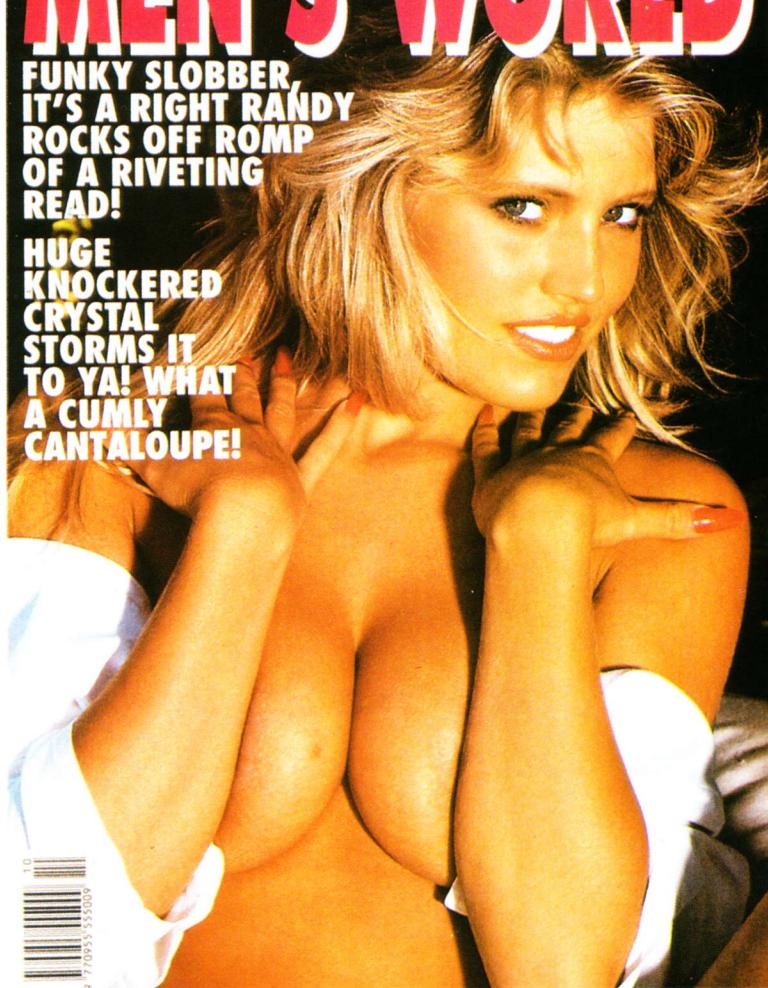
Call Charged at 36p Per Min Cheap Rate 48p all Other Times Denmark Dial P.O Box 272 London SW11

PUBLISHED BY PAUL RAYMOND
MEN'S WORLD

FUNKY SLOBBER,
IT'S A RIGHT RANDY
ROCKS OFF ROMP
OF A RIVETING
READ!

HUGE
KNOCKERED
CRYSTAL
STORMS IT
TO YA! WHAT
A CUMLY
CANTALOUPE!

10
9 70952 555009



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You'll find the
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along with the
brightest
features, the
raunchiest letters,
the funniest
cartoons and a
nude celebrity or
two! So buy
Britain's favourite
men's magazine
— now sexier
than ever!

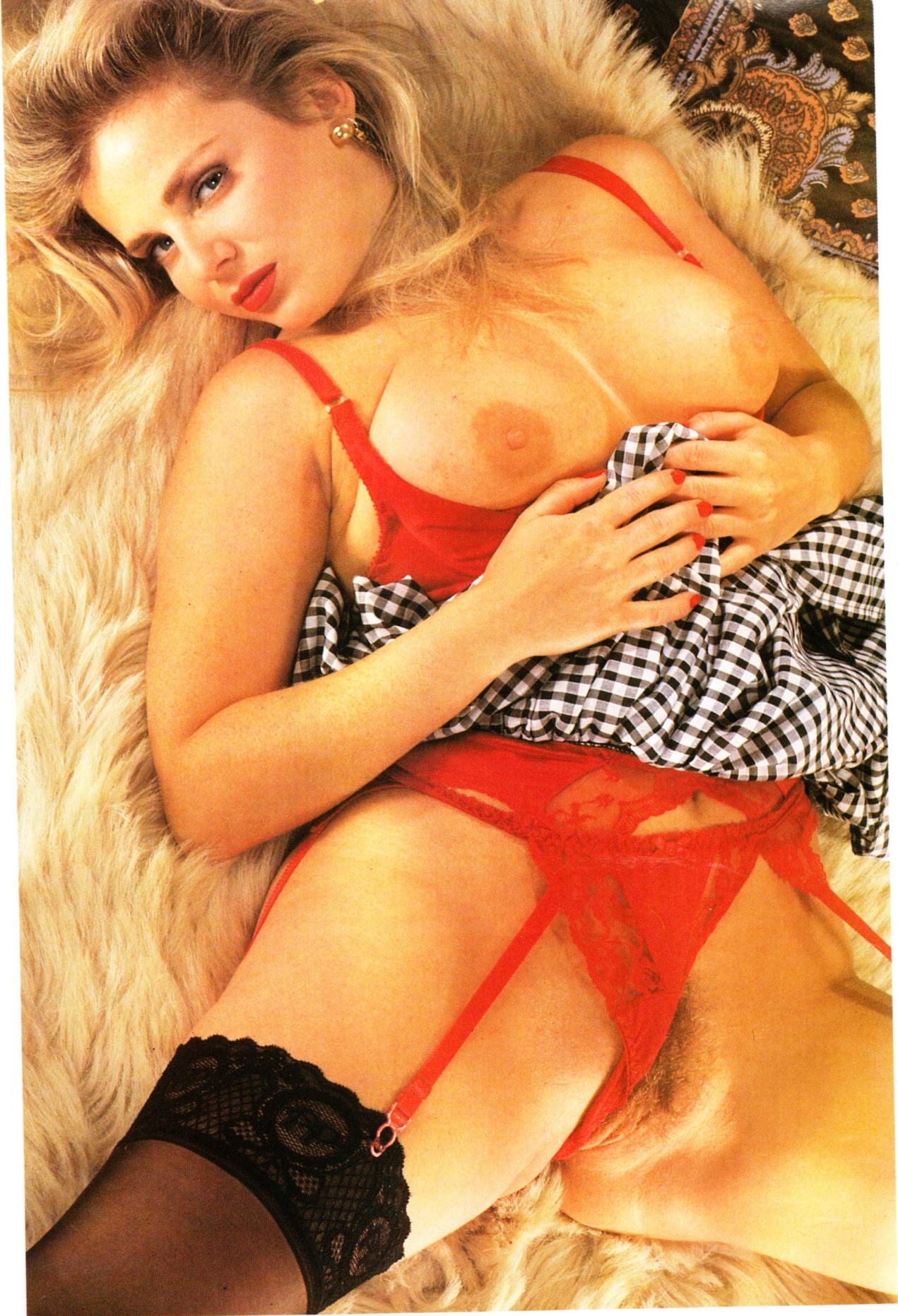




RACHEL

Photographs by Roland Davies





This is Rachel's first time in front of a camera - well, her first time naked and vulnerable in front of a camera, you understand. So how come a happily married image consultant with three boys and a labrador who had no desire to be a model winds up in *Men Only*? "It started with a stupid drunken argument. Jim subscribes to *Men Only* and it always annoys me that he wants to look at the girls. It makes me bloody mad. I told him I was every bit as good looking as the models and he could actually have me, so why bother with the magazine? He said that models were fantasy women and he loved that extra bit of unreal glamour. So I said I could look just as glamorous given the make-up and the lights. I'm 38-24-37 and I dare him to say I don't look good. And he said, 'Maybe, but you wouldn't! I said I would. It wasn't until then that he mentioned he knew Joanie's husband and before I knew it he'd arranged a modelling session for me. The bastard! Then Joanie and I got together and we ganged up to see if he'd back down. But he wouldn't and I wouldn't. Then Joanie said, 'Why not?' So I did! It was a totally liberating experience. Jim's not saying but I think he's pissed off that I did it and enjoyed it and that I've agreed to do more modelling. I know one thing: he won't be looking at this copy of *Men Only* and ignoring me." mg







HUNGOVER???

AS YOU STAGGER WITH ALL THE CONTROL OF THE BRITISH ECONOMY INTO '93, REMEMBER ONLY YOUR FAVE GLOSSY MALE INTEREST MONTHLY TRULY CARES ABOUT THE ANGLE OF YOUR DANGLE, PROVIDING YOU MONTH AFTER MONTH WITH THE BEST, THE MOST GORGEOUS, THE MOST NNGGG! INSPIRING HORNOBIRDS IN FULL LOVING COLOUR YOU CAN BUY. ACCEPT NO PALTRY SUBSTITUTES! GET THE ONLY MAG TO GIVE YOU MORE LASS FOR YOUR BRASS, GET MEN ONLY VOL. 58, NO. 1, ON SALE 7TH JANUARY.

blah!

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gets my dong between her cavernous tit-crack and milks me all over the vast expanse of her big jubbies. I recently suggested she had so much tit it was a crime not to share it around and I'm afraid Gwen took that comment a bit too literally.

Coming home from work the other day, I found her in

climax that culminated in three of the quintet climaxing simultaneously, shooting copious gushers of spunk into her mouth, her pussy and, of course, all over those ginormous tits of hers.

I watched until it was over and she was dripping with come, then I hid in the spare bedroom until her appreciation society had left.

When I heard the front door



"Shut that bleedin' racket up . . . you'll wake the baby!"

the throes of a passionate ménage à cinq with some fellows I recognized as being regulars at our local pub. In fact, one of them was the manager!

As I entered the lounge, there was no missing Gwen lying on her back across the sofa, her thighs parted wide and her cunny stuffed to the hilt with the prick of that brickie who drinks Guinness. As he pleasured her, she was gobbling the engorged tool of another man while at the same time two others, one a respected local businessman, were frantically rubbing their hard-ons on the silky shuddering flesh of her boobs. A fifth man, who shall have to remain unidentified, was doing things that only David Mellor or that Fergie woman would understand.

As I stood, dumbfounded, at the door to the lounge, Gwen heaved to a rather noisy

close, I came out of hiding and confronted her, and told her I'd been thrilled by it all and gave her permission to do it again whenever she wanted.

I'm ever so pleased Gwen is putting her talents to use, and what we'd both love is to see her and Sally Smith doing rude things to each other – preferably with a large ripe banana, though we're not overly picky.

H.S.

Glossop.

We're not overly picky, either, but Ms. Smith claims a deeply-inbred suspicion of various fruit and vegetable produce ever since she was cosseting a brace of mangoes between her thighs, which subsequently underwent supernova due to excessive heat and moisture conditions. Apparently, the ensuing explosion took out a row of council houses and ruined her favourite open-crotch knickers. – Ed. ☺

BLUE SEX CLASSIFIED



Fumble my frilly knickers 0898 224 394
Rip my knickers off now! 0898 224 388
Let me flash my knickers 0898 224 358
Hands down for a good feel 0898 224 365
Let Auntie tease you off! 0898 224 366
Auntie pulls her skirt up 0898 224 368
I love to expose myself 0898 224 376
Desperate Sarah can't get enough 0898 224 378
Housewife needs a hand 0898 224 383

I'LL STRIP SLOWLY MINE'S COOL AND FRUSTRATED WIFE - AS YOU WATCH CLEAN SHAVEN READY FOR YOU
0898 224 354 0898 224 375 0898 224 377

Paula's pussy

LOVES HER HAND LISTEN TO HER DO IT ON 0898 224 363
MY LIPS TO YOUR THROBBER

0898 224 367

D.N., P.O. BOX 272, LONDON SW11. CALLS COST 36p/MIN. CHEAP RATE, 48p/MIN. ALL OTHER TIMES.

PHONE SEX PARTY!

ADULTS ONLY!

My skirts up & I'm ready 0898 224 353
I need a hand with wet panties 0898 224 364
Let me lick your tip! 0898 224 382
Full French knickers 0898 224 390
I'd love a hard swallow! 0898 224 387
Let me flash my knickers 0898 224 358
I want you - anytime anywhere 0898 224 371

I'M 18, BLONDE & I NEED IT NOW!!
Please call me on 0898 224 373



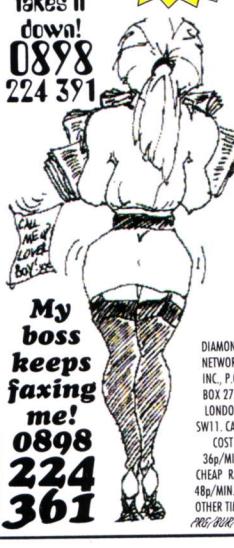
BRA BUSTER NEEDS HELP
0898 224 370
for a titty SPECIAL!

DIAMOND NETWORK INC., P.O. BOX 272, LONDON SW11. CALLS COST 36p/MIN. CHEAP RATE, 48p/MIN. ALL OTHER TIMES.

SHORT SKIRT IN THE OFFICE

CALL **0898 224 379**
for the lowdown on hot sex action!!

Miss Robinson takes it down! **0898 224 391**

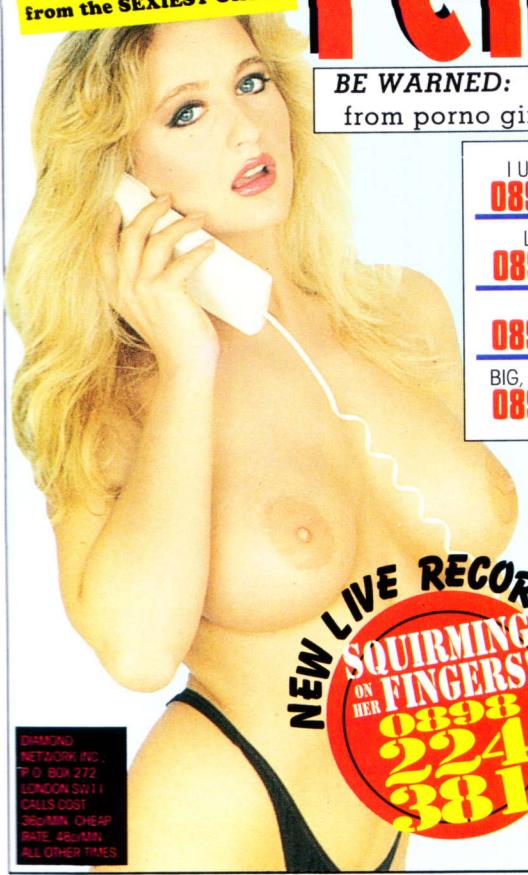


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My boss keeps faxing me! **0898 224 361**

Personal Service

BE WARNED: These are adult services containing extremely explicit messages from porno girls who deal in high levels of sexual satisfaction for **MEN ONLY**.



I USED HER HAND
0898 224 362

LUCKY LICKER
0898 224 357

LES DO IT!
0898 224 392

BIG, BUSTY & BLONDE
0898 224 356

Cream on my tongue
0898 224 350

TONGUE TIED PLEASURE
0898 224 352

FEEL MY HEAVY CHEST
0898 224 359

PANTY PEELER WANTED
0898 224 369

STICKY FINGER DELIGHT
0898 224 350

Nurse Nina's Way
0898 224 393

I'M A TOPLESS TEASER
0898 224 386

SUZIE USES A SAUSAGE
0898 224 380

JANE JACKS HERSELF
0898 224 393

BIG BOOBED BETTY
0898 224 389



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LIVE ONE TO ONE SEX CHAT



FREE

WHEN YOU DIAL

081-871-2181

[ORDINARY TELECOM RATES]

HOW CAN WE DO ONE FREE?

EASY! 75% of our 'first time' sex chatters come back for more and then we make money on the knock on business by charging £5.00 per fifteen minute chat after the free one.

NOTE: When the sex chat girls answer the phone they will ask you for a reference number. If you have not got one the girls will allocate you one straight away - its all done on security and trust, with no trace back to you - that's how we got big!

DIAL AN ORGASM

0898 300 840

Our girls (or gays) will talk you through to orgasm in a special way.

Have a bar of soap and a cup of warm water ready, also a rolled up newspaper with a wet end and tissues.

Dial now for phone fun!

LISTEN IN!

A lot of sex talkers do not mind somebody else listening in to the talking and if they give us permission you can hear them

0898 442 769

RANDOM DROP IN ACCESS NUMBER -24HRS

If you want some other 0898 numbers to dial our girls can give you some and they are charged at 36p per minute cheap rate & 48p per minute at all other times. Freechat, 56 Waterloo St., Leeds LS1 2EE.